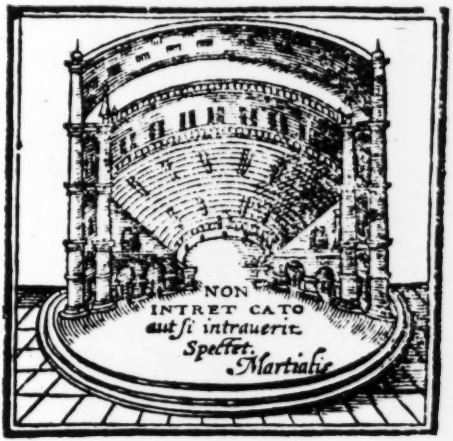
CORNV-COPIÆ.
Paſquils Night-cap:
OR.
Antidot for the Head-ache.

The ſecond Impreſſion corrected and amended.



LONDON,
Printed for THOMAS THORP. 1623.

V

To all
Whom

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Health

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To mi

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Lately
In chz

If any
(For n

Or flee
Conde

Pasqui
Hereaf

Proæmium.

VNto the kindeſt men that euer wiu'd,
Whoſe titles from the Cuckoe are deriu'd,
And thereof Cuckolds named:
To all the Franck lins of the horne,
Whom ſcoffing Peaſants vſe to ſcorne,
And greatly haue defamed:
And vnto all our friends in Cuckold-ſhire,
Health, happy fortune, and their hearts deſire.

Paſquil, a terrour erſt to forreine States,
To mightie Princes and great Potentates,
In euery other nation,
Perceiuing heere the Horne defaced,
And honeſt Cuckolds ſore diſgraced,
With termes of deteſtation,
Lately in England is arriu'd from thence,
In challenge of a Cuckolds excellence.

If any Cuckold-maker him deride,
(For none but Cuckold-makers haue enui'd,
A Cuckolds commendation)
Or fleering knaues which on it looke,
Condemne it for an idle Booke,
As ſtill it is their faſhion;
Paſquil proteſts, although they ſcoffe and flout,
Hereafter he with them will haue a bout.

Proæmium.

And little doth he care, though they forſake it,
For not for them did Paſquil *vndertake it;*
To winne their affectation:
For honeſt Cuckolds *was it penn'd,*
To them this Worke *doth he commend,*
And craues their acceptation.
Then grudge not (gentle Sirs, without offence)
Kindly to reade a Cuckolds *iuſt defence.*

And yet in reading heere I humbly craue,
No fooliſh application you would haue,
Nor cenſure things at random,
Nor priuate meanings would ſurmiſe,
Whereby fond quarrels might ariſe,
True friendſhip to abandon.
Nothing but mirth did Paſquil *here pretend,*
Iudge not before you reade: and there an end.

Paſquil Anglicanus

—— Iuueneſque Seneſque
Et pueri naſum Rhinocerotis habent.
Sed abſit a iocorum noſtrorum ſimplicitate malignus interpres.

Cornu-copiæ.

OR,

Paſquils Night-cap.

FY, what a vaine conceited world is this?
Whoſe iudgement, error blindly leades aſtray,
Accounting that as right which is amiſſe,
Laughing at follie, as a ſport or play.
Great ſins are termed but a great mans pleaſure,
When leſſer faults are plagued out of meaſure:
New titles ſalue old ſores; and euery ſinne
Some honeſt name is alwayes ſhrowded in.
A Broker now is thought an honeſt trade,
Though ſome by ſelling of ſtolne goods doe liue,
Theeuing is now an occupation made,
Though men the name of Tailor doe it giue.
Bribes are accounted but a friendly fee,
Diſſembling taken for pure honeſtie:
Pride is reputed handſome in apparrell,
And he moſt valiant, that ſeemes moſt to quarrell.
The goutie *Machiuilian* murderer,
Whoſe codpeece is neere twenty winters old,
Now ſcornes the title of an Vſurer,
And muſt be faſhion'd in an other mold:
The grey beard muſt a Mony-man be cleped,
Becauſe great ſtore of mony he hath reaped:
Or Mony-maiſter he to name muſt haue;
Though he vnto his mony be a ſlaue.

A toſ-pot, ſpend-thrift, and a ſwaggering *Iacke*,
VVhich haue no pleaſure but to drinke apace,
And take in liquor, till their bellies cracke,
Looking as red as Skarlet in the face,
Muſt be good fellowes: and the fooliſh Boore
That ſpends his money to maintaine a whore,
Is termed a youthfull and a gallant lad:
Though men of iudgement think the gallant mad.
The Prodigall that waſtes his fathers pence
In carding, dicing, riot and exceſſe,
Muſt haue a title of another ſence;
A liberall man, and voyd of niggardneſſe:
Gulam cuacuat vt Arcam impleat.
And he, whoſe ſhape doth like a Ghoſt appeare
For want of victuals, food and belly-cheare,
The ſtarued miſer, fearefull, pale and wan,
Is the good husband, and the thriuing man.
Luſt is eſteemed as a youthfull ſport,
Laſciuious geſture, as the Courtly faſhion:
And wanton minions, with the wanton ſort
Thruſt modeſt matrons forth of reputation.
Sinne is no ſhame: O bluſh my Muſe to tell!
More ſhame befalls the good for liuing well;
Wiues play the wantons, husbãds weare the horne,
And patience (though a vertue) weares the ſcorne.
A ſimple gull, clad in a ſilken caſe,
Brought out of Satans wardrobe for his backe,
VVhich learnes new faſhions, and forgets old grace,
Turning his pinnes, till all his ſtrings do cracke:
VVhich for a Spaniſh blocke his lands doth ſell,
Or for to buy a ſtanding Pickadell, (ſpurres,
VVhich ſtruttes, and ſtampes to moue his golden
That with their gingling he may feare the curres.

If

If his ſweet worſhip with his horſe-taile locke,
(As he doth trauerſe neatly through the ſtreet)
Scrape fauour with ſome female-wedded ſmocke,
VVhich by her carriage ſeemes for paſtime meet;
Strait he is bold to bourd her to the play,
And either ſhe muſt yeild, or ſay him nay,
And howſoeuer matters after frame,
Her husband's forehead ſtill beares all the ſhame.
For whether goſſips when they ſit and talke,
(As women enuie one anothers bliſſe)
Seeing the gallant ſometimes thither walke,
May by coniecture ſhrewdly ſpeake of this,
Or whether ſhe herſelfe may ſpread the ſailes,
(As womens tongues be like to yong lambs tailes)
And tell her pleaſure to an other friend:
And thus the world haue knowledge in the end.
Or whether braue *Iuuentus* play the blab,
VVhich vaunts himſelfe a gentleman at leaſt;
And when he waxeth weary of his drab,
Meeting his mates at Taueme, or at feaſt,
Reueale the fault: or howſoeuer it be,
That Time brings forth the fruits of lecherie,
I cannot iudge; yet thus much I can ſay,
The Cuckold carries all the ſhame away.
As for the woman; ſhe's a wanton Laſſe,
A good kind wench; or of the dealing Trade,
The Cuckold-maker (though as fond an aſſe
As euer in this world, dame Nature made)
Is term'd a gallant gentleman, and braue,
Though he by right ſhould other title haue:
But for her husband, he which weares the horne,
He is plaine Cuckold, and muſt beare the ſcorne.

Sometimes this prodigall the Chapman playes,
And to the Mistresse sometimes ill alli'd:
When as, God knowes, these are but subtile wayes,
Deuised, lest their knauery should be spide,
Else with her husband company doth keepe,
To graft the hornes vpon his head more deepe:
And thousand other shifts do they deuise,
To horne the Cuckolds head, and hood his eyes.
And yet not onely doe they blind his sight,
Which not so much as dreames of any wile,
But oft it happens by a cunning slight,
One crafty knaue another doth beguile:
And when the Hunter thinkes to strike the Bucke,
His hopes are croft by some disaster lucke,
"For true it is, when Fortune comes by chance,
"There Fortune helpes the boldest to aduance.
But certs it is a strange and vncouth thing,
To see a pilfring and a picke-purse knaue:
Which well deserues to stretch an hempen string,
And climbe the gallowes for to seeke his graue:
Diue to the bottome of a true mans purse,
Take out his coine, and not accounted worse,
And he, to whom the losse did erst befall,
Passe with a scoffe, to mend the match withall.
These are the humours of these present daies,
Where lust is taken for a lawfull thing,
The *Dolphin* on the water skippes and plaies,
When as *Arion* sounds the siluer string:
A homely bit in secret some disgest
Better then dainties, when their husbands feast;
Panis furtiuus uini. Stolne bread is sweet: In *April* and the *Spring*,
Needs must you giue the Cuckoe leaue to sing.

And

And (ſooth to ſay) needes muſt that pleaſant foule
Straine forth the plaine-ſong of her pretty note,
When crooked age, halfe parting with his ſoule,
Will on a wanton Minion ſeeme to dote.
And he which hath one foot within the graue,
Will needes beſtride a gennet yong and braue.
Well may the Cuckoe ſing at ſuch a wedding,
When age and youth together go a bedding.
Nath'leſſe I will not iuſtifie this part,
And bolſter vp vaine folly with my quill,
A frolicke forehead hath a wanton heart,
This wicked world is prone enough to ill:
But in my iudgement, if it might ſo paſſe,
An old mad foole, that weds a youthfull Laſſe,
Deſerues a coxecombe, and to be withall,
The chiefe Commander in Sow-guelders Hall.
Well erſt *Lycurgus* in his prouidence,
Wiſely forbade all aged men to marry;
For (certs) he knew their inſufficience,
Muſt by all reaſon make their wiues miſcarry:
When once the ſtocke is dead, decai'd and rotten,
Small is the fruit which from that tree is gotten:
Yong plants affoord increaſe in ſeemely order,
Shrubbes ſerue for nothing but to fill the border.
Would it not make a *Cynicke* laugh the while,
And *Ageloſtus* for to ſing and whiſtle, The father of Craſſus.
(Which ne'e in all his life was ſeene to ſmile,
But when an old Mare once did eate a thiſtle)
If they ſhould ſee a withered rotten ſcold,
A toothleſſe beldame, ſickely, lame and old:
When ſhe can neither go nor ſtand vpright,
Addreſſe herſelfe in armour to the fight.

And

And is it not as fooliſh, and as mad,
To ſee old *Mumpſimus*, that gouty Sire,
Pranke vp himſelfe like to a youthfull lad,
And looke as hanſome as a Pippin Squire?
And when he ſcarce hath breath to keepe in life,
Deſire to couple with a youthfull wife?
The foole deſerues to weare a moatley ceate,
When he ſhould thinke on death, begins to dote.
For little knowes the Woodcocke, what pertaines,
Vnto the pleaſures of the marriage bed,
When that an empty paunch for food complaines,
Nature requires (I wis) it ſhould be fed,
A yong wilde colt, when graſſe begins to faile,
Leaps forth his bounds, ſprings ouer hedge & pale,
And neuer reſts in quiet, till he know
Or finde a field, where better graſſe doth grow.
No maruell then, if that a luſty Laſſe,
That lookes as freſh as doth a flower in Maie,
When ſhe is mated with a fooliſh Aſſe,
VVhich ſtormes like winter on his wedding Day,
Sometimes ſeekes change of paſture and Prouant,
Becauſe her commons be at home ſo ſcant,
For in a dri'd red herring, and poore *Iohns*,
Remaines more vertue then in old mens bones.
VVhat comfort can a newly married wife
Haue in the company of ſuch a drone,
VVhich (like a Cricket) doth conſume his life,
And lies in bed as cold as any ſtone,
Mouing no more, then doth a dead mans coarſe,
Coughing and ſpitting, like a rotten horſe,
Pain'd with the Palſie, vexed with the Gout?
Better a woman were to liue without.

VVould

Would it not grieue a dog to ſmell the meate,
And haue it hanging ſtill before his noſe,
Yet cannot get a morſell for to eate,
Though hunger force him barke, and tell his woes?
Leſſe were his torment neuer to eſpy it,
Then to behold the meate, and not to come nie it
Farre better were it ſtill a maid to tarry, (marry,
Then want ſuch things, for which a maid doth
And fitter were it knocke her on the head,
And rid her forth the ſorrowes of this life,
Then by a lingring paine to liue as dead,
Void of the ſports belong vnto a wife:
And like to *Tantalus*, ſtill thirſt for drinke,
VVhenas her lips do wel-neere touch the brinke.
This is the cauſe prouokes an honeſt maid
Become a Miſtreſſe in the dealing Trade.
For when ſhe wants that which her neighbors haue,
Which are not halfe ſo beautifull as ſhe,
So propper, fine, welfauoured and braue,
Neither ſo fit for ſport and iollity;
Yet bleſſed by their fortune and good hap.
Sit playing with their children in their lap. (ter.
VVel may ſhe with much patience brook the mat-
But (ſure) her teeth perforce muſt runne of water.
And if ſhe fall in longing for the Thing,
Which is the inſtrument of earthly pleaſure,
And binds more firmely then the wedding Ring,
Begetting little children out of meaſure;
Her health and life vpon her longing ſtands.
And what good can ſhe looke for at his hands,
Whoſe feeble ioynts are ſtiffe for want of marrow
And hath leſſe courage then an old cock ſparrow?

Scarce

Scarce is an old man fit to beare a launce,
Or play the ſouldier in a warlike field;
For might he wants his weapons to aduance,
And to reſiſt his foe with ſpeare and ſhield,
But leſſe of force he is a maid to wed,
And play the ſouldier in the marriage bed:
For he that lackes ſtrength to endure the fight,
Is no fit man to skirmiſh in the night.

Ouid. Wedding (ſome ſay) it is a kind of warre,
Whoſe field betweene a paire of ſheets is pight,
(Though otherwiſe ſometimes befall a iarre,
When huſwiues fingers chance to be too light)
Then he which ſuch a matter goes about
Muſt needes be ſtrong, couragious, and ſtout,
For ſharper conflicts marriage doth betide,
Than euer ſouldier in the warres hath tride.
The moſt victorious man that euer liu'd,
(Strong *Hercules* that famous warriour,
Which twelue admired Labours once atchiu'd,
And neuer fought but prou'd a conquerour)
Though he with ſtrength was ouercome of no mã,
Was not of force to wreſtle with a woman,
But tooke the foile, and gaue her leaue to win,
And for his penance was enioyn'd to ſpin,

Socrates. Yea he, which by the Oracle was ſaid
To be the wiſeſt perſon in his time,
After that he was married to a maid,
Which would not looſe the pleaſures of her prime,
For all his knowledge was eſteem'd a ſot,
And beaſtly crowned with a chamber-pot,
Strength is but weak, and wiſdome ſeems a foole,
When *Cupid* leades them into *Venus* ſchoole.

Facilè diuinabam poſt tantum temporis quantarum plagarum.

If then the greateſt courage be too ſlender,
And learned heads as ſottiſh as a blocke,
When once they combat with the female gender,
And enter diſputation with the ſinocke:
How can an aged, ſilly, fooliſh Aſſe,
Thinke to encounter with a youthfull Laſſe,
Neither of might the battell to endure,
Nor well approoued of his furniture?
Yet if (forſooth) there be no remedy,
But that the doting Gray-beard muſt be wed;
Let ancient *Neſtor*, for to pleaſe his eye,
Make choice of old *Nimoſa* for his bed.
For ſtill by nature they do beſt agree,
Which are alike in age and qualitie:
And ſooner will the North-pole meet the South,
Then frozen Age be pleaſant vnto Youth.
One asked of *Diogenes* in ieſt,
What time of life a man were beſt to marry?
Well he replide: *For youth I thinke it beſt,*
Becauſe it is too ſoone, that he may tarry,
And for an old man, ſince it is too late,
Let him content himſelfe with ſingle ſtate.
A little wind blowes bloſſomes from the tree;
And rotten apples eate vnpleaſantly.
Scarce I ſuppoſe, that any yong Maid would
Conſume her Summer by cold Winters fire;
Though by conſtraint, or for the Miſers gold,
Some haue aduentured on an aged Sire:
But either ſhe before hath had a fall,
And weds old Cruſt that he may father all;
Or elſe to haue more ſcope and liberty,
Vnder a colour for adultery.

Inuitus dum Senē nunquam.

But

But whatſoeuer the pretence do proue,
That yong and old doe ioyntly come together,
Well may the woman make a ſhew of loue,
And ſmooth her brow in token of faire weather:
And at the firſt ſeeme louing on her part,
Yet ſure I am ſhe loues him not in heart.
For if that fortune bleſſe her with good hap, (cap.
Doubtleſſe his head ſhall weare a horne-wrought
And certs) a Cuckold is a dignity,
Too good by much for ſuch a doting Swaine,
And to the worſhip of that Company,
It is a great diſcredit and a ſtaine,
To haue that gouty Peaſant reare his Creſt,
And thinke himſelfe a Cuckold with the beſt:
In my conceit, his wife is much too blame,
To grace him with the credit of that name.

Obiection. But here (me thinkes) I heare an apiſh knaue,
Demanding in his proud and ſcoffing faſhion:
Are forked heads of late become ſo braue,
And hornes aſpired to ſuch reputation,
That this word (Cuckold) which was erſt a name
Alwayes attended with reproach and ſhame,
Should on a ſodden in our times ſtep forth,
And proue a name of credit and great worth?
What glory can he challenge, or renowne,
Whoſe wife is truly noted for a whore?
Keeping anothers children as his owne,
And beares the badge of infamy before:
What credit to a Cuckold can befall,
Whoſe wife, as common as *Weſtminſter* Hall,
Beſtowes on others what is his by right,
And of the Forked Order dubs him Knight?

Peace

Peace prating *Cynicke*, left thou proue a dolt. Confunde.
A ſnarling curre will barke at euery ſeaſon. Op.
The groſſer foole, the ſooner ſhoots his bolt,
Although his words be voyd of wit and reaſon.
Little thou know'ſt (poore foole) thy great amiſſe,
In ſcandalizing ſuch a name as this;
Which in thy raſhneſſe thus doſt iniury,
Thy ſelfe, thy friends, and famous Cuckoldry.
But whatſoe'r thou art, that ſeem'ſt to ſcorne,
Carping the wel-fare of anothers ſtate,
And thus deriſt the credit of the horne:
(Too great a glory for a ſcoffing mate)
Seeke not too much a Cuckold to defame,
For feare thy ſelfe be ſubiect to that name,
True is the ſaying, though it ſeeme a ieſt,
The Bird is filthy that defiles her neſt.
And how canſt thou repute thy ſelfe as free,
And quite exempted from the Cuckoes ſong,
Since thouſands (farre ſuperiour vnto thee)
Grudge not her Ditty ſhould to them belong?
For any a man of woman borne,
Is ſubiect by deſtiny to weare the horne:
And though as yet no hornes attend vpon thee,
Fortune hereafter may beſtow them on thee. *Alia vel potentia.*
If thou be linked in the *Gordian* knot,
And bound in fetters of the marriage ſtate:
Grieue not the hornes ſhould fall vnto thy lot,
Or that the Cuckoe ſings before thy gate:
For if thou marry, ſtill make ſure of this;
To beare with patience, what thy fortune is,
Neither repine a Cuckold for to be,
But bleſſe thy fate, and thanke thy deſtiny.

And

Knights of the Forked Order, and not inferior to some new Knights.

And neuer loue thy wife a whit the worse,
For which (I wis) thou art beholding to her:
Nor seeme for this to frown, brawle, sweare, & curse,
Because she hath a little beene a doer;
But rather praise her for her kinde deuotion,
Since shee hath lift thee vp to such promotion:
Be not dismai'd, though saucy knaues do iest,
Thou art exalted to beare such a Crest.
And let base fleering scoundrels talke their fill,
And idle muddy braines out-braue their betters,
The world doth want no fooles, nor euer will:
Dolts scoffe at learning, which scarce know a letter.
And lame blind *Baiard* euer is as bold,
As brauer horses which for more are sold:
None is more prest to blot a Cuckolds name,
Then he which is both voyd of wit and shame.
Now if these spurre-blind Peasants could but see
How much themselues they blemish and disgrace:

Cave ne patrem feriat.

And how they shame their friends and progeny,
Their kindred, their acquaintance, and their race,
They would not speake so rashly as they vse,
Nor seeme so much kinde Cuckolds to abuse:
The greater is their tolly to depraue,
That title which perchance themselues may haue.
Better it were for old men say the best,
Or else say nothing, and to hold their tongue,
Then at a Cuckold either scoffe or iest,
Which might as well to them before belong:
And let the married without feare and shame,
Seeke to vphold and patronize that name,
Clearer he is not which the same denies;
For (certs) blind men do swallow many flies.

And

And as for yong men, which doe chiefely ſcorne
The ancient badge of famous Cuckoldry:
It is their duty to applaud the horne,
And to defend it by their chiualrie,
And at all times a Cuckolds part to take,
Both for their credits and their kindreds ſake,
Though now their head-peece be not fully caſt,
Each dog will haue his day: No time is paſt.
Neither can they exempt themſelues as free,
Although in marriage they haue had no doing
At Cuckolds hauen many landed be
Euen in the very time they goe a woing:
And ſome haue ſuch good fortune in their play
They proue eight cuckolds on their wedding day,
For certaine I haue heard of ſuch a lurch
The very howre before they went to Church.
What perſon is he of ſo ſpeciall gift,
That can affirme he doth a Virgin marry?
Many a wench hath had a ſecret lift
Which of a Virgin ſtill the name doth carry,
In euery corner maides there are great ſtore;
Yet diuers of them haue beene tried before:
A Iade in Smith-field ſooner may you find,
Then buy a courſer, ſound of limbe and wind.
Wiſe is that child (the common Prouerbe ſaith
Though ſcarce I doe beleeue it as my Creed)
Which ſo much knowledge of his father hath,
He can auouch, that this is he indeed.
For though the mother doe proteſt and ſweare
Her husband did beget what ſhe doth beare,
Yet now adayes men are ſo much beguild,
They oft proue fathers to anothers child.

Batcheler, may bee Cuckolds; when one is faire promiſed and another ſpeedes.

This hath the vſuall practiſe of this time
Made moſt apparant, and as cleare as day,
For when young Gentlemen be in their prime,
And giue themſelues to wantonnes and play:
If that they chance a countrey maid to pricke,
And with a Timpany the wench grow ſicke,
Then ſtraight his ſeruing-man, or hackney foole,
Muſt be a couer to his maiſters ſtoole.
And not alone are ſeruing-men ſo mad,
To father what another hath begot,
But better perſons now and then are glad
To taſt what others put into the pot,
For ſcarce a wife of any gallant carriage
Doth now performe what ſhe hath vow'd in mar-
And ſo much vertue hath attracting gold, (riage,
Many cannot be honeſt, though they would.
If ſome ſeeme chaſt, it doth of this proceed,
They haue the wit to doe, and not be ſpied,
And know by deepe diſſembling and good heede,
With ſober lookes their wanton luſtes to hide.
Some women muſt be woo'd, they are ſo chaſt,
And ſome there are which tempt poore mē as faſt
That to conclude, as *Arioſto* taught,
Many of them be lewd, vnchaſt, and naught.

Herodotus. Obſerue this ye water-caſters & reſerue the water of chaſtity to cure your own blindnes.

Phar'o, the King of *Ægypt*, being blind
For ten yeares ſpace, made triall of this matter,
When by the *Oracle* he was aſſign'd
To waſh his eyes in ſuch a womans water,
Which kept her faith inuiolate and right,
And neuer had to dee with any wight
But onely with her husband: Then ſhould hee,
Againe recouer ſight, and clearely ſee

Many

Many a womans water *Phar*[illegible]ide;
And many a chamber-pot to him was brought,
Yet ſtill his ſight was vnto him denide,
Becauſe the female vrine helped nought:
Nor could his wife releaſe the wofull King
By the diſtilling vertue of her ſpring:
Long lay king *Phar'o* in great griefe and paine,
Deſpairing euer to haue ſight againe.
And, but that one at laſt of honeſt life,
Which after many thouſands thither came,
And was approu'd a true and faithfull wife,
A modeſt matron, and a vertuous dame,
Reſtor'd his ſight by virtue of the fountain, (taine;
Which bubbled purely from her bearing moun-
He yet had liu'd in darkeneſſe, and beene blind,
For ſuch Phyſitions ſtill are hard to find.
Here may the Reader three things chiefly gather,
What ſtore of horns were extant by this matter;
How hardly then a childe could know his father,
And what the vertue was of womens water.
The firſt many might challenge as their right;
The laſt had power to giue the blind their ſight;
And how could children know their fathers well,
When as their mothers truly could not tell?
Much could I wiſh, that *Phar'o* were to trie
The vertue of this medicine once againe,
That we might ſee what faith and loyaltie
In married wiues doth at this day remaine:
Sure many of them which haue done amiſſe,
Would ſay they had the ſtone, & could not piſſe:
And many which we iudge could not be blamed,
Then to make water would be much aſhamed.

Vrinalls were not then in vſe

This hath the vsuall practise of this time
Made most apparant, and as cleare as day,
For when young Gentlemen be in their prime,
And giue themselues to wantonnes and play:
If that they chance a countrey maid to pricke,
And with a Timpany the wench grow sicke,
Then straight his seruing-man, or hackney foole,
Must be a couer to his maisters stoole.
And not alone are seruing-men so mad,
To father what another hath begot,
But better persons now and then are glad
To tast what others put into the pot,
For scarce a wife of any gallant carriage
Doth now performe what she hath vow'd in mar-
And so much vertue hath attracting gold, (riage,
Many cannot be honest, though they would.
If some seeme chast, it doth of this proceed,
They haue the wit to doe, and not be spied,
And know by deepe dissembling and good heede,
With sober lookes their wanton lustes to hide.
Some woemen must be woo'd, they are so chast,
And some there are which tempt poore mē as fast
That to conclude, as *Arioſto* taught,
Many of them be lewd, vnchast, and naught.

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Againe recouer sight, and clearely see

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And many which we iudge could not be blamed,
Then to make water would be much aſhamed.

Vrinalls were not then in vſe

Then ſhould you ſee ſome woemen, which make
Of pure behauiour, and great honeſty, (ſhow
Which will not touch a man, for ought we know,
Nor once be ſeene in prophane company:
Which walke in little ruffes, and ſet their face
So ſimperingly, as if they ſtill ſaid grace:
Then ſhould you find them by their vrinall
To be found meerely hypocriticall.
Then ſhould you ſee, how dainty and preciſe
Many fine minions would be at this matter
Affirming that it could not helpe his eyes,
To haue them waſhed in a womans water;
But that it was the ſuperſtitious tricke
Of ſome prophane, vngodly Catholique,
Becauſe within the Primitiue of yore,
They neuer read of ſuch a thing before.
Then ſhould you ſee ſome men, which doe deride
And ſcoffe at others wearing of the horne,
When their owne wiues did come for to be tride,
How they ſhould be requited with like ſcorne,
Then many woemen, which ſeeme coy and nice,
Would be diſſemblers found by this deuice:
So that if *Pharo* now releaſt would bee,
It would be long, ere he ſhould clearely ſee.
Nath'les I will not be too cynicall,
To condemne euery woman for this fault,
Nor for a certaine number blemiſh all:
Each beggar is not lame, though many hault.
Nor euery woman of ſo ſmall compunction
To violate her faith and holy function
For many woemen (doubtleſſe) may be found
Which keep their plighted promiſe whole & ſoūd

And

And God forbid, that we ſhould all condemne,
Though all doe taſt the tree of good and ill:
For in ſo great a number, ſome of them
Muſt needes be honeſt (though againſt their will)
Some are for feare as modeſt as they may, (play:
And worldly ſhame which holds them from their
And ſome reſerue their loyalty vntainted,
Becauſe with Gallants they are not acquainted.
And ſome for want of more conuenient place,
And time, which for ſuch pleaſures are elected,
Preſerue themſelues from blemiſh and diſgrace;
Chiefely, becauſe they would not be ſuſpected:
And ſome for other idle vnkowne cauſe,
Obſerue a while their vowes and marriage lawes:
But very few of them, which to the laſt
For loue of honeſty continues chaſt.
Sometimes the golden prey doth make the theife,
And woemen yeeld for further maintenance:
Sometimes ſhort commons makes them ſeeke reliefe:
And ſtubborne vſage and ſterne countenance,
Perforce conſtraines a woman now and than
To ſeeke for comfort of a kinder man; (married,
And ſometime want of hearts, when handes are
Is one great cauſe, that many haue miſcarried,
For 'tis not now as erſt in elder dayes,
When marriage was contracted by affection,
For kindred now ſo much the matter ſwayes,
The parties haue ſmall choyce in loues election;
But many times, ere one behold the other
An vnaduiſed match the friends doe ſmother:
And howſoeuer they two can agree,
Their friends haue woo'd, & they muſt maried be.

When they are wed, behold the ill ſucceſſe,
They liue like Dogs and Cats, in braules and ſtriſe.
Before they lou'd not: now they fancy leſſe,
Shee hates her husband, he abhorres his wife:
The diuels dance to ſee the iuſt confuſion,
Of inforc'd marriage. And to make concluſion,
He growes a careleſſe vnthrift, bare and poore,
She turnes a ſhameleſſe and deteſted whoore.
Thus many either for this laſt reſpect,
Or for the cauſes which I late recited,
May iuſtly for their knauery be ſuſpect,
And by the lawes of honeſty endited:
Where though that none do giue in euidence,
Nor ſit as Iudge, but their owne conſcience:
Certaine it is, the moſt would guilty ſtand,
To be condemn'd to die, or burnt i'th hand.
For either luſt, reuenge, or want of loue,
An vnkind husband, or deſire of gaine,
The tender hearts of women doth ſo moue,
(As old and new examples ſhew moſt plaine)
That few of them, if they haue fit occaſion,
Are able to withſtand a weake inuaſion;
For they are fraile, vnconſtant, apt to range,
Faire-fac'd, falſe-hearted, and by nature ſtrange.
Chaſte wiues are as the grapes, which we may ſee,
To hang vpon the Vine (the vintage paſt)
Or as the apples which are on a tree,
When bluſtering Autumne hath her pride defac'd,
For ſuch a dearth of honeſty is tride,
Since patient *Griſil*, and true *Conſtance* dide,
That if a wife be honeſt; if once croſt,
It is almoſt as ſtrange as the great froſt.

Here

Here could I cote a rabble of thoſe wines,
That you would wonder but to heare them nam'd,
Which whilome led ſuch lewd diſhoneſt liues,
That to remember them I am aſham'd:
But that the multitude and mighty number,
Were good for nothing but your eares to cumber
Nor need we any proofes from graue be brought,
We haue too many liuing which are nought.
Nor will I here their other vices ſcanne,
Which more then to a million do amount:
He that would know them, may in *Mantuan*
See a great number more then I can count:
As enuy, ſcolding, ſwearing, lying, pride,
Diſſembling, and a thouſand faults beſide,
Which I forbeare, becauſe beyond my text,
I would be loth thoſe louing wormes to vex.
For they are creatures, which God made, to nurſe
And comfort man; t'increaſe and multiply:
But firſt, for comfort they procur'd his curſe,
And brought a woe to mans poſteritie:
Yet for th'increaſe which was of them required,
They often bring forth more then are deſired:
Filling their husbands barnes with others corne,
As if to bargaine they were onely borne.
For inſtance of this truth, I can proclaime
Diuers examples which are worth the hearing:
To ſhew, that wiues, before they'l looſe their game,
Will ſtill be taking vp, and fall to bearing:
But that I feare I ſhould too much offend them,
And yet, although I know it will not mend them,
One I'le produce; becauſe I doe not loue,
T'affirme for truth, more then I well can proue.

Within the ſpacious bounds of fertile Kent, (ded)
(The Countrey, which for Long-tailes is commen-
Where the increaſe of Rabbets paies the rent,
And ſixe dayes labour is in one day ſpended:
Whether the Citizens (when daies are faire)
Saile downe for pleaſures, and to take the aire:
Teate plums and cheries: and about the Spring,
To heare the Nightingale and Cuckoe ſing:
There is a Towne; I liſt not tell the name,
(Nor is the naming worth a *Graueſ-end* Toſt)
Men of all Countries trauels through the ſame,
And (if they money want) may kiſſe the poſt,
Engliſh, Italiãs, Turks, Moors, Spaniards, Germans
Danes, Scots, French, Iriſh, Muſcouits, & Normans,
And new *Vergineans*, and of euery ſort, (ſhort.
Some white, ſome blacke, ſome long-men, & ſome
Some honeſt men, ſome fools, ſome knaues, ſome wiſe.
Paſſe through this Towne, of all degrees at large,
Some theeues, ſome tailors, which doe ſtill deuiſe
New fooliſh faſhions to put men to charge,
Some Citizens, Some Cuckolds there ariues, (wiues:
Seme queans, ſome maids, ſome bawds, & ſome good
And through this towne they trauell to the ferry,
To be conuai'd by Tilt-boate, or by wherry,
It is the place as now I call to mind,
Where Marriners and their eſpouſed Mates,
Frollicke at farewell, while they ſtay for wind,
Which ſhould tranſport them ouer to the Straites,
It is the place whereas they kiſſe and part
With weeping eyes, and with a heauy heart,
Forward he goes his voyage to entend,
Backe ſhe returnes to meete a ſecret friend.

VVithin

Within that towne, there whilom was an Inne,
VVhere man and horſe at liuery might ſtand,
There dwelt an Hoſteſſe with a double chin,
A buxome wench, as any in the land:
She now was old and tough, yet in her youth
She was a morſell for a Parſons tooth;
Tender and faire, and plumpe; and with the reſt
Courteous and kind to welcome euery gueſt.
And therewithall well could ſhe talke and chat,
And tell of Faries, and doe other things
Her friend to pleaſure. But what matter's that;
Her husband knew not, where the ſhoo him wrings,
For though ſhe was a wanton, ſhe was wiſe,
And knew what times were fit to fall and riſe;
And in her head this Prouerb ſtill did carry
Although thou be not chaſte, yet be thou chary.
And (ſure) I con her thanke and mickle praiſe
(Conſidering many of them doe ſtep awry)
That ſhe could line her ſhooes with vnder-laies
So cunningly, that few the fault did ſpie:
For ſince at Lodam they all loue to play,
And will play falſe, yet her commend I may,
That ſo can ſhift great Loaders from her hand,
No lookers on, nor gamſters vnderſtand.
VVhat with our eyes we ſee not in this caſe
VVe grieue not with our heart, (as people ſay)
Nor doth the Forreſter that keepes a chaſe
(Vnleſſe he ſee men beare his game away
Or by the blood find where the Deare did fall)
Snppoſe he wanteth any game at all:
For how can warreners their coneys miſſe,
Vnleſſe they come, iuſt when the hunting is?

But

But though that marriage makes moſt husbands
Or elſe of one eye all of them depriues, (blinde,
That what their left hand doth they cannot find,
Nor ſee the ſecret dealings of their wiues;
Yet had my ſubtile Hoſt ſome ſmall ſuſpi tion
My Hoſteſſe was too pliant of condition;
But they that Innes and Ordinaries keepe
Muſt often ſee and winke, and wake and ſleepe.
For trauellers, when they are in their Inne,
Loue to be merry, and to make good cheare:
How ere they ſwagger, it muſt be no ſinne,
The forehead of my Hoſt muſt ſtill be cleare,
And though they chance my Hoſteſſe for to kiſſe
My Hoſt muſt ſay, there's nothing done amiſſe:
For they will pay like Kings, for all they take,
And I haue dow (Gods plenty) for my cake.
For what care I? or wherein am I worſe
Though others tine their candles at my light,
Or though another man doth vſe my purſe?
If ſtill my candle burne both faire and bright,
And that my purſe returne home without tearing,
With ſtore of mony, nothing worſe for wearing.
For this poſition I will euer hold,
'Tis better wedde a Baggage then a Scold,
Thus was mine Hoſt content to let his wife
Keepe company, and welcome euery gueſt,
No tooliſh iealouſie did ſtirre vp ſtrife,
Nor fond ſuſpition did their ſtate moleſt:
For ſhe was merry, and did loue to play,
And with her mirth mine Hoſt could well away:
For though his wife did hault: he knew as much,
That all his neighbours wiues did need a crutch.

But to goe forward. Now they both were old,
And paſt the pleaſures of their youthfull nature
One child they had, more deare to them then gold,
A pretty maid, iuſt of her mothers ſtature:
Like her in face, in perſon, and in fauour,
Like her in qualities, and in behauiour;
In all things like her mother, but in one,
Her name was *Kate*; her mothers name was *Ione*.
Her father lou'd her well, becauſe he ſee
His wiues true image in his daughters face,
A forward Impe ſhe was, and like to bee
A proper woman, (if ſhe want not grace)
For to ſpeake truth, and without parcialitie,
She was endu'd with many a pretty qualitie,
For ſhe could ſing moſt ſweetly, dance moſt finely
And on her Virginals ſhee plaied diuinely.
At vpper end of table, by her mother,
Dinner and ſupper, louely *Kate* did ſit,
Whereby diſcourſing ſtill with one or other
She grew to haue a pretty ready wit,
And could both ieſt, & taunt to make a laughter,
That all men ſaid ſhe was her mothers daughter,
And ſo ſhe was; for you ſhall euer find,
"*That crowes, breed crowes, and cat will after kind.*
But time paſt on, and *Kate* was paſt a child,
And in the teenes about a yeare or two;
When nature, which can neuer be exil'd,
Made her conceiue, what ſhe was borne to doe.
For now vaine luſtes, and idle prouocations,
Stir'd vp her mind with looſe imaginations,
And this conceit ſtill in her fancy ran,
The chiefeſt pleaſure was to know a man.

And

And now ſhe thought (good Lord) what happy
Haue woemen alwayes after they are wed? (liues
How pleaſantly and merry liue thoſe wiues,
VVhich haue a man to comfort them a bed?
VVhat fools are maids, to hold that thing ſo deare,
VVhich lets their ſports, & griues thē for to beare?
This I reſolue, though yet I doe not marry:
My maiden-head I will not longer carry.
Thus courteous *Kate* decreed: and euen the beſt
(Oft times) about her yeares are ſo inclin'd:
For their virginitie doth ſo moleſt,
And is ſo great a burthen to their minde
That ſcarce a maid (ſo ſoone as ſhe hath skill)
But keepes her maiden-head againſt her will.
And very many of them I haue ſeene
For griefe thereof grow ſickly, and looke greene.
But *Kate* had vow'd that ſickneſſe to preuent,
And not to lead old grinning Apes in hell,
And therefore ſhe betimes to Phyſicke went
The cauſes of that maladie to quell.
And taſting of ſome drugges within a corner,
Which firſt were miniſter'd by th'captaine *Horner*,
She lik'd ſo well th'Apoticaries ſtuffe,
That ſhe did thinke, ſhe nere ſhould haue enough
This Captaine *Horner* ſometimes loued *Kate*,
And ſhe likewiſe good will to him did carry:
But priuate quarrels ſtirring vp debate
Mine Hoſteſſe was vnwilling they ſhould marry:
And therefore he, for feare they ſhould him mock
Gaue *Kate* her farewell with a priuate knock:
Of which kind blow ſhe tooke ſo good a liking,
That al were welcome, which wold fal to ſtriking

Behold

Behold a womans vnreſtrained thirſt,
Her greedy appetite, and great deſire:
After that ſhe hath broke the hedge at firſt,
And taſted of the fruite that all require:
Her minde is ſo vnbounded without meaſure,
That ſhe is neuer ſatisfied with pleaſure,
But ſtill (like to the graue) for more doth cry,
Or (like the horſe-leach) which is euer dry.
In ſuch a gaping caſe was wanton *Kate*,
After that ſhe had taſted of the potions,
VVhich Doctor Captaine *Horner* gaue her late,
To bridle and repreſſe her youthfull motions:
For though ſhe did deſire to drinke before,
Yet now her thirſt increaſed ten times more.
For after we haue found the ſweete of ſinne,
We worſe refraine, then when we did beginne.
Thus *Kate* gaue bridle to her liberty,
And (when occaſion ſerued) made not dainty.
For ſhe had put her ſelfe in ieopardy,
To try the battell at the leaſt with twenty:
And ſhe was growne ſo skilfull in her play,
That very few went conquerors away:
But they that with ſo many haue about,
Shall ſometimes haue the worſt I make no doubt.
'Tis bad in ſickneſſe to haue diuers Doctors:
Their ſundry medicines will but make thee worſe:
In law 'tis fooliſh to fee many Proctors,
For ſome will harme the cauſe and hurt thy purſe:
So 'tis no wiſedome in a wanton maide,
To vſe her pleaſures, as a common trade,
And make her paſtimes like her occupation,
VVhich were inuented for her recreation.

So

So long the pitcher home doth water fetch,
That by some knocke it broken doth returne,
So long the flye doth at the candle cletch,
That in conclusion shee her wings doth burne:
So long a wench may Physicke vse to take
To cure the griping of her belly-ake,
That she may surfet in such dangerous case.
As she will be the worse a twelue-months space.
Thus it befell to *Kate* that was so frolicke:
Her bucket now was broken at the well,
Shee now complain'd that she had got the collicke,
And maruelled much to see her belly swell:
Her mother gaue her drinkes, and with a charme
Did clap the pot-lid to her belly warme,
To kill the wormes. But all her meanes are vaine,
They are no wormes that put her to such paine.
Sometimes about the stomacke griefe she feeles,
And sometimes of her backe she doth complaine,
Sometimes a quicke thing in her with two heeles,
She thinkes doth stirre, which makes her feare againe
She is with child: but yet she doth not know,
For it may be her guts, that tumble so:
Or it may be with fatnesse and with wind,
That she growes big before and broad behind.
But now she did begin to long for Cherries,
For Codlings, Pescods, and for Apple-pies:
And now she faine would eate some Gooseberries,
And euery thing that came before her eyes;
Or others told her of, or she could name,
She still defired for to taste the same:
So that the mother seeing this effect,
Somewhat began her daughter to suspect.

And

And one day taking *Katherine* aſide,
Into the Parlour or ſome priuate place,
She gan to tell her that ſhe had eſpide
Both by the change of colour in her face,
And by her longing for ſo many things,
And by the griping, which her ſtomacke wrings,
That ſomewhat in her body was amiſſe;
And therefore, *Kate*, come tell me what it is.
Tell me (quoth ſhe) and doe not hide thy fault,
And if thou haſt offended, let me know it,
'Tis hard before a Cripple for to halt:
For I perceiue, although thou wilt not ſhew it,
That thou haſt beene too buſie with a man,
And art with child; deny it if thou can:
Tell me, for though we cannot helpe the ſame,
Yet by preuention we may hide thy ſhame.
Kate, which knew well her mother was too wiſe,
To be diſſembled with in ſuch a caſe,
Thought it was bootleſſe for to blind her eyes,
Which could diſcerne her folly by her face,
And therefore on her knees ſhe fell before her,
And for remiſſion did with teares implore her,
And ſince deniall could no comfort bring,
Shee plainely told her mother euery thing.
And firſt ſhe told her: how that Captaine *Horner*
Before he trauell'd to the New-found Land,
By chance did meete her in a ſecret corner,
And preſt her for a ſouldier of his band:
And how that diuers other men of Armes,
Beſieg'd her afterwards with freſh alarm's;
But who had blowne her vp; and made her ſwell,
Mother (quoth ſhe) in truth I cannot tell.

Now

Now *Benedicite*, her Mother ſaid,
And haſt thou beene already ſuch a twigget,
I durſt haue ſworne thou hadſt beene yet a maid,
And would'ſt haue bin ſo till thou hadſt bin bigger.
Art thou begot with child, and can'ſt not gather,
Out of ſo many, one, to be the father?
Nor any but the Captaine can'ſt thou name,
VVhich long ſince went to ſea? Now fy for ſhame.
VVith that ſhe ſhooke her head and bent her brows,
As if ſhe had beene angry; when behold,
Mine Hoſt comes in, to whom mine Hoſteſſe ſhewes
Their daughters ſad miſchance, (as hath beene told)
VVhich when he heard; ſetting his cap aſide.
He was ſo angry that he could not chide:
At laſt he ſaid: *And* hath ſhe plaid the whore?
Fye on her, baggage, turne her out of doore.
Mine Hoſteſſe, ſeeing him to grow ſo hot,
Stept out, and ſpake to him with ſpeeches mild,
Deſiring him, although there were a blot,
He would remember that ſhe was their child:
And not to caſt her off for one fault paſt;
For neither is ſhe firſt nor will be laſt,
Of good mens children (ſure I thinke as ſhe)
That in their youth offend in this degree.
But husband (quoth ſhe) 'tis no time to brawle:
VVe all haue faults, and need for to amend:
The deed is done, and words cannot recall
That which is paſt, nor bring it to an end:
Many that now ſeemes honeſt in their liues,
Haue done as much, before that they were wiues.
'Tis true (quoth he) But this is too too vilde,
She knowes not who is father to her childe.

If

If ſhe could name the Sire, I did not care;
For by their marriage ſhe might hide her ſhame.
*A*lthough he were a beggar poore and bare,
Or if he were a cripple, blind and lame,
Or whoſoeuer, if ſhe knew the father,
*A*nd could produce him, I could beare the rather:
But neither knowing him, nor his abiding,
This is a wonder worthy of deriding.
Lord (quoth mine Hoſteſſe) what a coile you keepe!
Was neuer other woman ſo beguild?
Some I haue heard haue beene conceiu'd a ſleepe,
*A*nd neuer knew the Father of their child. (ſmother,
*A*nd ſome haue ſuch good lucke their faults to
That they will lie with one, then wed another.
*A*nd wonder not, becauſe ſhe hath miſcarried,
For ſhe's as good a maid, as moſt are married.
We all haue faults: and 'tis a womans nature
To loue a man: She hath but done her kind,
For when that I was yong, about her ſtature,
I was vnto the ſport as well inclin'd
*A*s others were: for we haue all beene ſinners,
*A*nd ſometimes loue it better then our dinners,
But God forgiue vs all. Both we and you,
When we are yong, will doe as others doe.
Well (quoth mine Hoſt) I tell thee once againe:
Theſe things are not the point, whereon I ſtand;
Let me but know the man, which tooke the paine
To ſowe his ſeed in her vnfallowed land,
*A*nd I am pleas'd; and will doe all I can
To haue her quickly married to that man.
Within her furrowes haue there plow'd ſo many,
That for to reape the crop ſhe knowes not any?

And vvhat of that? mine hoſteſſe then replide,
Can it be holpen novv vvith vvords or vvinde?
Fitter it vvere for vs to ſeeke to hide
Her ſhame, before the world the ſame do finde,
Then like a paire of fooles to prate and chat
Vnto no purpoſe, of I knovv not vvhat:
One man ſhe knovves; but he is ſuch a knaue,
With my conſent ſhe neuer ſhall him haue.
And vvho is he (replide mine Hoſt at laſt,)
For vvhom your liking doth no better ſtand?
'Tis captaine *Horner*, which ſome 6 months paſt
(Quoth ſhe) went this vvay to the New-found land.
But he's ſo great an vnthrift, that he vvould
Conſume this houſe, if it vvere full of gold:
And he's a Papiſt, and I vviſh her quicke
Laid vnder ground, then wed a Catholike.
Surely (quoth he) 'tis ſtrange to ſee your minde,
That he (whom in times paſt you did commend
To be an honeſt thriftie man, and kinde,
And who hath euer beene our ſpeciall friend)
Should novv ſo far be caſt out of your fauour:
That, though it fitteſt be that he ſhould haue her,
(All things conſider'd) yet you are ſo turned,
Before ſhe be his wife, you'ld wiſh her burned.
But hovvſoeuer of the man yon deeme,
Or what conceit is come into your minde,
I cannot tell; yet he to me doth ſeeme,
(For I will ſpeake no worſe then I doe finde)
To be a ciuile Gentleman of carriage,
And like to doe as well as ſhe in marriage:
And (by report) he hath a beauie purſe,
I pray to God our daughter doe no worſe.

But

Bt 'tis no matter; once he would haue had her,
And then ſhe muſt not looke on captaine *Horner*:
Now ſhe is pufft, and blowne vp in the bladder,
And now there is no doubt but he doth ſcorne her:
And yet your anger is ſo furious ſtill,
He ſhall not marrie her with your good will,
I thinke a woman is a ſpright infernall,
If once ſhe hate, her malice is eternall.
It had beene better that a Chimny-ſweeper
Had married her, if they two had affected,
Though we had after beene compell'd to keep her,
Then with this ſhamefull deed to be detected;
For by that meanes, though he were ne'r ſo baſe,
She might haue lookt her neighbors in the face,
And now we both may keep her for our ſtore,
And ſhe ſhall euer be eſteem'd a whore.
Yet in my iudgement, the beſt remedy
That I can finde to couer her offence,
Is, that in haſte we ſend her priuily
Vnto our friends or kindred, far from hence,
Where for a ſeaſon ſhe ſhall make abode,
Vntill that ſhe be eaſed of her lode;
And after that the childe is put to nurſe,
She may returne a maide, no iot the worſe.
There like a wife ſhall ſhe herſelfe attire,
And ſo ſhall blind the country with a wile:
Heere we will ſay, if any do enquire,
She's gone to ſoiourne with our friends a while:
And when the childe is bigger, and can runne,
We will maintaine it as our coſins ſonne;
And 'tis no newes, for I haue knowne a doſen,
Which kept their baſtards, & did call them coſen.

But if the matter chance to be deſcride,
And that it be divulged in the towne,
Some honeſt place vve vvill for her proulde
At *London*, where ſhe ſhall remaine vnknowne;
And there (as Country-men doe vſe to ieſt)
Shee'l be a Maid as good as is the beſt;
For 'tis a vſuall practiſe, and a vvittie,
To ſend vp broken veſſells to the Cittie.
Old hats, old clokes, and other ſuch old vvare,
Bought at the ſecond hand, and almoſt vvorne,
The Citizens dreſſe vp, and tricke them faire,
And ſell them vnto Country-men in ſcorne:
Againe, the Country-men in levv of this
Send vp their vvenches that haue done amiſſe,
Crackt maids, groſſe vviddovves, and ſuch broken trulls.
Are good enough to marry Citty-gulls.
For I haue knowne ſome vvenches that haue borne
Tvvo or three baſtards (at the leaſt) a peece,
So that they vvere derided, had in ſcorne,
And hooted at, as if they had beene Geeſe;
And after all theſe mockes, and much a doe
Haue gone to *London* but a yeere or tvvo, maids,
And there vvithin ſhort time haue proou'd good
And beene vvell married vnto men of Trades.
Therefore this courſe is good, if you thinke fit,
For firſt abroad ſhe ſhall be ſafe deliuered,
So that our neighbours ſhall not knovv of it,
And if her folly be at home diſcouered:
Then vnto *London* may ſhe quickly vvend,
To take ſuch fortune there, as God vvill ſend;
Yet if that I might rule the roſt, much rather
I vviſh, that *Horner* might the baſtard father.

That

That *Horner* might! replied mine Hoſteſſe then,
I wonder why you talke ſo much of him:
In faith I could not loue him of all men,
He lookes ſo blacke, ſo rigorous and grim:
Beſides, he hath no Trade to liue vpon,
Nor lands to keepe him, when the Wars are done.
And there's another thing, which I like worſe,
All his wiues ſpending muſt come from his purſe.
Oh, it will grieue a woman to the heart,
For euery farthing that ſhe doth beſtow,
To make account, how ſhe did it impart,
So that her husband muſt of all things know:
For we haue many ſecret meanes to ſpend,
Which are not fit our husbands ſhould intend:
For if that of them all they notice had,
The moſt of them (I feare) would run ſtarke mad.
It is your Citizen, which keepes his wife,
Gorgeous and gallant, with all prodigality:
Shee liues at pleaſure; leads a merry life;
Sits in her ſhop with all formality:
He hath a myſtery which ſeldome failes;
And ſhe a great allowance by her vailes;
Her cob-web lawne, the altering of her wings,
Come from her vailes, with many other things.
And truely it is wonderfull to heare
How ſome of them will brag of their great vailes:
Boaſting they gather 40 poundes by yeare,
From the pill'd ſcrapings of a few ſheepes tailes:
And ſome from ſhreds, and homes, and ſuch like
Are able euery weeke to buy a ruffe: (ſtuffe:
That (ſure) I thinke them in their hattes as good,
As Gentle-women in their veluet-hood.

Indeed the Gentlewomen looke more high,
And of the Cittizens will take the wall;
Yet haue they but their pension quarterly,
To keepe themselues, and finde their house withall:
If they want trifles, or would be more braue,
Out of house-keeping they must pinch and saue:
They haue their Coaches, and great Vardingales,
But tradesmens wiues haue often better vailes.
And certainely, if I may haue my will,
A cittizen shall marry her, or none,
And therefore, if you haue no better skill,
Or care not whom she haue; let me alone,
I'le see, if I a husband can prouide
The childe to father, and her shame to hide:
And though I know not whose it is by right,
It should be fatherd, ere it come to light.
Nor will I stand ingag'd to any friend,
To be a Masque to couer our disgrace:
Nor vnto *London* after shall she wend,
To make her honester by shifting place:
For these are foolish shifts, and common meanes,
Practis'd by none, but ordinarie queanes, (hide,
And though a while these trickes their faults may
Yet at the length their shame will be descride.
No, this deuice too much in vse is growne,
And will not hold our water to the last:
For 'tis no question, but it will be knowne,
Then all our fat into the fire is cast,
And she vndone: for no man but a dastard,
Will loue a woman, which hath borne a bastard;
Nor shall you find a man will wed a whore,
If he can learne that she was so before.

And

And therefore, husband, take a fooles aduice,
And if you loue our credit, and her good,
Prouide a husband for her in a trice,
Before that her offence be vnderstood:
You know she is our onely childe and heire;
And (though I say't) well fauoured and faire,
And there are many yong men that doe watch,
And would be glad to light on such a match.
First there is maister *Peter* at the Bell,
A Linnen-draper and a wealthy man;
Then maister *Thomas* that doth stockings sell;
And *George* the Grocer at the Frying-pan;
And maister *Timothie* the Wollen-draper;
And maister *Salomon* the Leather-scraper;
And maister *Franke* the Gold-smith at the Rose;
And maister *Phillip* with the fiery Nose.
And maister *Miles* the Mercer at the Harrow;
And maister *Nicke* the Silke-man at the Plow;
And maister *Giles* the Salter at the Sparrow;
And maister *Dicke* the Vintner at the Cow;
And *Harry* Haberdasher at the Horne;
And *Oliuer* the Dyer at the Thorne;
And *Bernard* Barber-surgeon at the Fiddle;
And *Moses* Merchantailor at the Needle.
And maister *Hercules* the Iron-monger,
(Some say, that he is worth 1000. pound) Of old Iron.
And maister *Iames* that sels fresh Cod and Conger;
And maister *Roger* Scriuener at the hand;
And maister *Anthony* th'Apothecary:
All which would willingly our daughter marry;
With diuers others that I know beside,
Which would be glad to haue her for their Bride.

All these are Citizens, and well to liue:
The worst of them is worth 300 pound;
And with our daughter we as much will giue;
Then feare not but a husband may be found:
For sure (among) so many we shall find.
(Doubtlesse) some one or other for our mind,
And yet to choose one man before the rest,
Hercules. The Iron-monger I doe fancy best.
For he is wealthy (and I craue no more)
And with our daughters loue is strong infected;
He hath made diuers motions heretofore,
Though hitherto he hath not beene respected:
Still he pursues his suite, and is her louer,
And he will fitly serue her fault to couer:
Therefore the next time that he doth come hither,
Let's knit the knot, and tye them fast together.
I see (replyed mine Host) it is no lye:
The yong Cocke after th'old Cocke learnes to crow:
Well may our daughter tread her shooes awry,
If like vnto her mother she doth grow.
Yet since I heare that she hath done no more,
Then (almost) all the kind hath done before,
I am content to doe what shall be fit:
Broache you the meate, and I will turne the spit.
Thus was the plot set downe and all agreed,
That Maister *Hercules* should be deceiu'd,
And that it should be brought to passe with speed,
Before it could be knowne she was conceiu'd.
Behold yee Citizens what is concluded,
Whereby your simplenesse might be deluded!
Hereafter more aduisedly beware,
To set vp shop with such like broken ware.

Now

Now Maiſter *Hercules*, that little knew
What ſubtile ſtratagems were lately plotted:
Whither it was, that Cuckolds lucke him drew:
(Which none can ſhun) or loue had him beſotted,
I cannot at this preſent well diſcuſſe,
But in concluſion it did happen thus;
After 2. dayes to Billinſgate he went,
And ouer-ſea ſet forward into Kent.
The Tide that morning fell at foure a clocke,
Two houres at leaſt, before the day did ſpring
Many good morrowes had the cheerefull Cocke
Chanted to Cuckolds, clapping with his wing:
Good morrow maiſter *Hercules* he cried:
Be ſtirring early, or you looſe your Tide.
Take Tide in time. The Tide for none will ſtay.
Good morrow Cuckolds: Neighbors al good day.
Thus ſang the Cocke. But he more vigilant
Then is the Cocke, was watchfull like a Cat;
Which hauing found the hole, and vſuall hant
Of ſome delicious Mouſe, or nimble Rat,
Still pries and peepes, and neuer can be quiet,
Liſtning and watching when ſhe may eſpy it;
And though ſhe winke, no reſt her eyes can finde
The Mouſe doth run ſo much within her minde.
Euen ſo lay maiſter *Hercules* that night,
Telling the clocke, and could not ſleepe a winke
The loue of *Kate* did haunt him like a ſpright,
And ſtill vpon his iourney he doth thinke.
No ſooner had the Cocke reſounded three,
But from his bed he ſtarted ſuddenly;
And in his braue new ſuite leapt out of dores,
And ran to Billinſgate, and there tooke Ores.

Blacke

Blacke gloomie cloudes did ouer-ſpread the skie,
And foggy vapours did obſcure the aire,
So that the Water-men could not deſcrie
(Almoſt) which way they ſhould conduct their fare,
For ſuch thicke miſts vpon the water fell,
It was as darke as if it had beene hell
But he, to whom faire *Katerin* did giue light,
Would haue aduentured in a darker night.
For as that famous *Hercules* of old,
For his friends ſake to *Plutoes* kingdome went:
Euen ſo this other *Hercules* the bold,
For his faire *Kate* did ferrie into *Kent*,
And without Moone or Starre his way to guide,
Couragiouſly ſaild forward in great pride,
Dreading no dangers of the darkeſome night,
No Oules, Hobgoblins, Ghoſts, nor water-ſpright,
For loue did make him bold and valiant,
Feareleſſe of *Neptune*, and his trident Mace:
No cloudes, nor miſtie darkeneſſe could him dant,
Nor ſtorms, nor tempeſts make him turne his face:
But though it was ſo darke, they could not ſee
Before their boate, aboue two yards or three,
Yet forward with great courage did he flote,
And ſung this ditty ſitting in the bote.
Fortune my foe, why doſt thou frowne this night?
Ye lowring heauens, why doe ye looke ſo darke?
Though neither Moone nor Stars do giue vs light,
Yet little *Cupid* doth conduct our barke.
And he will bring me where my true-loue is,
That face to face we may confer and kiſſe:
For as the Moone amongſt the Starres doth ſhine,
So 'mongſt all Maids doth beauteous *Katherine*.

Thou

Thou little God, that with thy golden arrowe
Didſt wound my heart, and madſt my belly rumble,
Giue me the courage of a yong Cocke-ſparrowe,
That precious *Kate* with valour I may tumble.
Oh that my words may be ſo eloquent,
That I may tickle her with complement!
Oh pierce her (pretty *Cupid*) with thy ſting,
That I may pricke her with another thing.
My louely *Kate*, which ſleepeſt at thy eaſe,
And doeſt not dreame, that I to thee come ſliding,
Would I were partner with the skipping fleas
Which in their bed with thee haue their abiding:
I would not bite thee in that grieuous ſort,
But hip and skip, and kiſſe to make thee ſport.
For as the pricklings of the roſe bring pleaſure;
So ſhould my ticklings be eſteem'd a treaſure.
Yee bold Cornualls, which doe loue my *Kate*,
Leaue off your wooing, and giue me the way,
My valliant heart in loue admits no mate,
Before I looſe her, I will kill and ſlay.
For as the mighty *Hercules* ran mad,
And for a woman loſt the wits he had,
So if I haue her not, I greatly feare,
I ſhall run mad, or elſe goe very neare.
Thus did he ſing: and further would haue chanted,
But that a ſudden feare his note did ſtay,
Stopping his voyce, and ſo his ſpirits daunted,
That he (poore man) could neither ſing nor ſay.
For iuſt againſt the leaueleſſe forked tree,
Which euery paſſenger deſires to ſee,
Whereon the *Armes* of Cuckoldry appeares,
There was he ducked ouer head and eares.

The

The reaſon was; becauſe an other barke
Comming from Court at *Greenewich* with a fare,
And not deſcrying th'other in the darke,
Met them ſo ſtrongly ere they were aware,
That maiſter *Hercules* without a word
Was caſt to fiſh for Salmons ouer bord;
And both his Marriners cloſe at his heeles
Did follow him for Lampries, and for Eeles.
The other bote farre better fortune had,
And with a little ſtaggering kept her head,
But maiſter *Hercules*, whoſe lucke was bad,
Sunke to the bottome like a lumpe of lead;
Yet there perceiuing ere he further went,
It would not be the ready way to Kent,
With hands and feete he daſhed and he waued,
And like a ruſhing Porpoiſe him behaued.
Vpward he heau'd his body from the ground,
And plung'd as proudly as a water-dog:
Loth was he at that preſent to be drownd,
Though he could ſwimme no more then can a log.
For life is ſweet, and he would gladly ſaue it,
Nor would it looſe, ſo long as he can haue it:
And therefore 'tis no maruell if he ſtriue
With all his might to keepe himſelfe aliue.
He ſtrikes the water, and would gladly ſwim,
But there was one thing did his ſwimming let:
His head was heauy, and did trouble him,
And out of water that he could not get.
And therefore now he greatly gan to feare,
That without doubt he ſhould be drowned there,
And (ſure) except ſome lucky chance betide,
An other father *Katherine* muſt prouide

For

For maiſter *Hercules* was now growne faint,
And now his breath no longer could containe,
And now in heart he ſigh'd, and made complaint,
That he ſhould neuer ſee his loue againe:
Yet here behold, when he was moſt in doubt,
Deſpairing euer that he ſhould get out,
Then was his ſuccour neereſt to his hand,
To ſaue his life and bring him to the Land.
O valiant *Hercules*, thou Champion bold,
Couragious ſuiter vnto louely *Kate*,
Feare not (braue man) but quickly take faſt hold;
Good fortune at thy elbow doth awaite:
Put vp thy hand and apprehend that Oare,
Which for thy ſuccour houers thee before:
Dread not that death can deſteny withſtand,
At Cuckolds-hauen thou ſhalt quickly land.
A happy Oare did happen then to ſwimme,
Vnto the place where *Hercules* did diue,
Which was a meanes moſt fortunate to him,
His preſeruation thereby to contriue:
For as he plunged in that pitteous plight,
His hands by chance vpon the Oare did light,
Which he held faſt, and lifting vp his head,
Help friends (he cride) or elſe I am but dead.
The other boate, which was not farre away,
Hearing him call, drew to him by the ſound,
And finding him at laſt in that array,
Much like a Rat that had beene almoſt drownd;
They lift him vp, and on his feete him reared,
Which lookt as though he had been lately feared,
Or rather like the picture of a ghoſt,
Pale, ſpeechleſſe, ſtaring, ſtanding like a poſt.

His

His limbes for cold did quake; his teeth did chatter,
And from the dropping Ciſternes of his breech
Downe both his trembling legs ran forth the water,
And he for feare was almoſt void of ſpeech:
But comming to himſelfe and there eſpying,
That his apparell ſtood in need of drying,
And that his ioynts were ſtiffe, and wanted fire,
To be conuaide to ſhore he did deſire.
Angry he was in minde ſo to be wet,
And therefore thought at firſt with them to brawle;
He ſaw thoſe were the men that had them met,
And in the water ouerthrowne them all:
But when he did conſider in the end,
That quarrels would not this miſchance amend,
He wiſely them intreated in good ſort,
That to ſome Hauen they would him tranſport.
Not farre from thence there was a landing place,
Cuckolds-Hauen. A Port of great report throughout our Nation,
Which latter times haue branded with diſgrace,
With termes of ſlander, ſhame and deteſtation;
Though heretofore it was a place of reſt,
Where married men were fortunate and bleſt,
And there the Horne-aboundant did beſtow,
Riches and honour both to high and low.
There whilome did a famous Temple ſtand,
To Lady Fortune ſometimes dedicate,
VVhere all the horned perſons of the Land,
Did once a yeare conuene to celebrate;
But chiefly Citizens; vpon whoſe Crowne,
Fortune her bleſſings moſt did tumble downe:
And in whoſe eares (as all the world doth know)
The Horne of great Aboundance ſtill doth blow.

Within

Within this Church an image was erected,
VVhich did the Lady Fortune represent;
Crowned with mighty Homes, to be respected,
For worth, for beauty, and for ornament:
All guilded and beset with precious stones,
Which far were fetcht beyond the burning Zones
So bright with these fair ston's the horns did flame,
That none but married men could see the same.
VVithin her lap whole bundles there did lie,
Of earthly blessings, and terrestriall loyes;
VVealth, honour, pride, acquaintance, vanity,
VViues, weddings, night-caps, and a thousand toies;
All which in such aboundance she did cast,
(But chiefly on the Citizens) so fast,
That with the weight, so ponderous and so great,
Many of them about the browes did sweate.
VVith one of her faire hands she marriage made,
And couple'd two together, man and wife;
VVith th'other hand a paire of homes she laid
Vpon the husbands head for all his life:
Then all the b'essings which her placket filled,
She seem'd to shake, and on his head distilled,
The reason was (observe it now and then)
That Cuckolds often are the wealthiest men.
A horned Altar stood before her face,
Old dotards here which marry youthfull wiues;
And all old women, void of wit and grace,
Depriu'd of shame, and weary of their liues:
VVhich wed yong boyes had wont to sacrifice,
For fortunes fauour at their enterprise:
On whom by right she alwayes did bestow,
Helmets of homes, to beare off every blow.

And

And at this Shrine did offer of each ſort,
All thoſe, which hauing ſpent abroad their ſtocke,
At home haue nothing to renew the ſport,
But by their wiues lie ſenceleſſe like a blocke:
They & their wiues did heere both offrings make,
And each receiued hornes for th'others ſake:
For trie who will, the Prouerbe ſtill doth threate,
Who ſtrikes with ſword, the ſcabbard ſhall him beat.
And here did offer many a ſapleſſe Sot,
Whoſe frigid nature, wanting moiſture due,
Made his wiues tillage prone a barren plot,
Till fortunes hand with hornes did him endue:
But after that his offering here was made,
The fruitleſſe ſoile which was for barren laid,
Without his husbandry or helping hand,
Oft prou'd more fertile, then he would demand.
This place was famous, and of great report,
Vntill *Wat Tyler* (as ſome bookes haue ſaid)
With all the rabble of the *Kentiſh* ſort,
Hauocke and ſpoile through all the country made:
Then was this ſtately temple ouerthrowne,
The Image and the Altar caſt quite downe;
All things defacde, and topſie-turuy turned,
Fortune diſgracde, and all her horns were burned.
Thus Fortunes temple fell; for what can ſtand,
Againſt ſo wilfull, and ſo wild a crue?
Where loue, nor faith, nor fortune can command,
Nor care, nor feare of dangers that enſue:
But *Fortune*, angry this great ſpoile to ſee,
And ſore incenſed with this iniury,
With ſuch reuenge the raſcall rebels followes,
That moſt of thē ſhe made to climb the gallows.

The

The reſt, which by remiſſion of the King,
Eſcap'd the halter and the fatall tree,
She likewiſe plagued with another thing
(Foule ſhame to them and their poſteritie)
For from their back-parts neere about their rumpe
Did ſpring a loathſome and deformed lumpe,
Couer'd with haire; which growing pẽdent down
Shew'd like the taile of Munkie or Babowne.
Thus was that raſh and rebell crew of *Kent*,
Plagued with tailes of wondrous admiration,
And ſo continued downeward by deſcent
From man to man, by many a generation:
And though they curtail'd thẽ, or did them pare,
It could not helpe; they grew againe as faire,
And hereupon a long time to their ſhame,
They and their race of long-tailes had the name.
Long time theſe long-tailes did remaine in *Kent*,
*A*ſhamed of themſelues; and monſters deemed,
And no deuice could find for to preuent,
And rid their tailes that ſo deformed ſeemed:
But ſtill the more they laboured to auoyd them;
The longer ſtil they grew, and more annoyd them;
Vntill a man of *A*rt by skill did finde
The meanes to cure their maladie behinde.
Who ſitting one day in his priuate cell,
Caſting an eye vpon his *Kentiſh* taile,
With incantation of a Magicke-ſpell,
*A*ble to make great *Rhadamanthus* quaile:
He coniur'd vp a ſpirit; and charg'd him tell
The firſt occaſion how this ſhame befell,
And by what meanes they might the ſame eſcape,
And bring their buttocks to their ancient ſhape.

The fiend replide, I can thee plainly tell,
This ſhame attends you for your fires offence:
For when in former times they did rebell,
They Fortunes Image vſde with violence:
Defacde her famous temple, and in ſcorne
Conſum'd with fier her guilded crowne of Horne,
Whereat diſpleaſde for them and for their ſeed,
Fortune this puniſhment of Tailes decreed.
If t herefore from the ignominious ſtaine
Of long taild *Kentiſhmen* you would be free;
Endeuour Fortunes fauour to regaine,
That ſhe may cure your great deformitie:
And for her Image, which was erſt deiected,
Let ſome faire monument be there erected,
That your ſubmiſſion may with her preuaile,
To the conſumption of ech *Kentiſh* taile.
Hereat the ſpirit vaniſht out of ſight,
And left the Inchanter muſing: which with ſpeede
Aſſembled all the long-tailes, that there might
By wiſedome and aduiſement be decreed,
VVhat Image, Portrature, or Monument
VVere for this purpoſe moſt conuenient
To pacifie the Goddeſſe, and redreſſe
Their beaſtly back-parts, and vncomelineſſe.
At *Canterburie* met this Congregation
From euery towne and village within *Kent*;
VVhere after much ingenious conſultation,
It was at laſt concluded by conſent,
That on the fertile banks of that faire floud,
Where fortunes famous Image whilom ſtood,
An horned Piller there they would exalt
T'appeaſe the Goddeſſe for their fathers fault.

And,

And, that it might be done with more reſpect,
And Fortunes greater honour; they decree,
That at the time, when this ſhould take effect,
Great ſtore of *Kentiſhmen* in their degree;
Knights, gentlemen and yeomen of the beſt,
Of common people, ſhould be ready dreſt,
In all their braue accoutrements, to grace
The forked Piller to the fore-ſaid place.
The 18. of October was proclaim'd
To be the day of this great celebration:
Againſt which time, ech long-taile before nam'd,
Made much prouiſion and great preparation:
And vnto *Canterburie* tooke their way,
There to be ready at th'appoynted day,
To giue attendance in moſt ſumptuous manner,
On fortunes Piller, with all pompe and honour.
Now was the inſtant come to play this prize,
The day of good Saint *Luke*: which was of old,
The time when men were wont to ſacrifice,
At fortunes temple, (as before was told)
Choſen the rather, that their Preſent might
Better reſpected be in Fortunes ſight:
And that ſhe might behold with what deſire
They were conform'd to pacifie her ire.
And now the long-tailes in their beſt array,
Preuenting the Sunne-riſing by their haſte,
Aſſembled were before the dawning day
Had nights blacke curtains from the skie diſplac'd,
The thundring drums did ratle through the town
To ſummon euery gentleman and clowne:
All which no ſooner heard that lowd Alarme,
But like to Bees together they did ſwarme.

S. *Lukes* day.

When loe! a glorious Poſt you might behold,
Fairer then any ſtake in Greys-Inne field,
Or the large paſtures of ſaint *Georges* hold,
Or *Funsburie*, or *Iſlington* can yield;
Which in a cart (as theeues to hanging ride)
Are thither brought by Archers in great pride,
Guarded with Gunners, bill-men, and a rout
Of Bow-men bold, which at a cat doe ſhoot.
Forgiue me, Fortune, that I do compare
Thoſe painted poſtes with thy renowned Piller;
Thoſe gaudie ſtakes which for no purpoſe are,
But roving markes for Long-bowes and for Tiller;
For euen ſo much for beautie, worth and gloſſe,
As Croſſe in Cheape excells old Charing Croſſe,
So much and ten times more this peereleſſe ſtake
Exceeds thoſe Poſtes which Archers vſe to make.
For not within a Carmans durty cart,
(As if it were to Tiburne) was it laid;
Nor plaiſterd ouer with the Painters art,
Which with a ſhowet of raine is ſeene to fade:
Nor on the top a Cat-*A*mount was framed,
Or ſome wilde beaſt that ne'r before was tamed
Made at the charges of ſome Archers ſtout,
To haue his name canonized in the clout.
Vpon a chariot was this Piller mounted,
(*A* chariot framed of the pureſt Horne,)
Whoſe workmanſhip here cannot be recounted,
It was ſo curious, fine, on foure wheeles borne:
Two Gotes firſt drew this chariot, then 2. Rams,
Two Vnicornes then followed, tame as Lambes,
Laſtly, two ſober Oxen with flowe pace
Held vp the chariots head with horned face.

The

The Piller was of wood, all guilded faire,
Beſet (like pretious ſtones) with ſtuds of horne:
Vpon the top did ſtand a goodly paire,
Fairer then any Cuckold erſt hath worne:
From whence two liuely trees did ſeeme to grow,
Bearing all ſorts of fruit: to make vs know,
That how ſoeuer fooles their fortune ſcorne,
Profit and pleaſure both ſpring from the Horne.
Now drums and trumpets fill the aire with thunder;
When firſt the chariot gan to moue her wheeles:
Now Canons and Caleeuers ſeemd to thunder,
Then ſhouts and clamour followed at the heeles:
The Clergy firſt before the Coach did ſing;
The Waits did play, & all the bels did ring,
Bagpips plaid hornpips, & ſom did dance the mor-ris;
Some wind their hornes, & ſome with cornets flo-riſh.
Before the Chariot all the married went,
According to their place and due degree:
Behind it all the Batchelours of *Kent*,
Marched in order very gallantly:
Beſide all theſe ſo great a troupe and throng,
Did fill the paſſage as they went along.
[illegible]t many were ſore thruſt and wanted breath,
And ſome were crowded hard, but not to death.
For as you ſee vpon that ſolemne day,
Whenas the Pageants through Cheapſide are caried,
VVhat multitudes of people thither ſway,
Thrufting ſo hard, that many haue miſcarried.
If then you marke when as the fire-workes flie,
And Elephants and Vnicornes paſſe by,
How mighty and tumultuous is that preſſe,
Such were thoſe throngings, and no iot the leſſe.

But notwithſtanding all this grieuous thruſt,
Forward they march in decent ranke and faſhion;
Some, leſt their tailes ſhould daggle in the duſt,
Had men to beare them vp with oſtentation:
But they which wanted men their tailes to guide,
Faſt round about their middles had them tide,
Or elſe about their necks: for (without faile)
The leaſt was longer then an Oxes taile.
Many of them (the better to expreſſe,
Their willing mindes Dame Fortune to appeaſe,
That ſhe might ſooner out their long-tailes leſſe,
And curtaile their great rumps to giue them eaſe)
In comely ſort their fore-heads did adorne,
With goodly coronets of hardy horne:
As Siluan Satyres in old time were ſeene,
Whenas they danced Horne-pipes on the greene.
It were too long to ſet downe euery thing
Which chanced in that progreſſe as they went,
How all the bells in *Feuerſham* did ring,
In *Sittingburne*, and other townes of *Kent*,
What entertainment and proceſſion was (paſſe:
Ordain'd, when they through *Rocheſter* ſhould
And how each Officer in his beſt gowne,
Stood ready to conduct them through the town.
Nor is it for our purpoſe to decide,
The hearty welcome giuen at *Grauеſ-end*,
How many Cittizens came downe that tide,
With their ſweet wiues the ſhew there to attend:
And how at *Dartford* the tall Sea-marke rod
His ſtately top and weather-cocke did nod,
To bid her welcome; ſince our end is moſt,
At Cuckolds hauen to erect the Poſt.

Where

Where being new arriu'd: A mighty crue
Of wealthy Citizens did them confront,
Come from the Citie, that faire poſt to viewe,
And all the goodly hornes which were vpon't.
Which howſoeuer they deſirous be,
Abroad to range ſtrange faſhions for to ſee;
Yet ſure for this to range they haue ſmall need,
They may abide at home, and better ſpeed.
There had the Citizens large tables ſet,
Loaden with ſtore of victuals and good cheare,
To gratulate the Long-tailes, which they met,
And ſhew the loue which to the Horne they beare:
Where after they had fed in bounteous manner,
And drunk a thouſand healths to Fortunes honor,
Towards the Thames they drew the horned Poſt,
And there did plant it ſtrongly on the Coaſt.
Iuſt in the Place where Fortunes Temple ſtood,
There ſtands the forked Piller, ſtout and tall,
Whoſe leaueleſſe boughes are neuer ſeene to bud,
Though much ſtone-fruit do from the branches fall.
Weſtward it threatens, and with armes all bare,
Giues warning to the Citie to beware:
Likè to a flaming Beacon, which ſtill ſhewes,
The neere approaching of ſome dangerous foes.
Thus was this famous Monument extoll'd,
And on the fruitfull bankes of Thames erected:
Which when the Goddeſſe Fortune did behold,
Perceiuing how deuout they her reſpected:
Her anger vaniſht, and with gracious eye,
Shee tooke compaſſion on their malady,
And all their rumpes, ſo infamous before,
Vnto their priſtine beauty did reſtore.

Thus came their Buttockes to their ancient hue,
Their tailes fell off, and on the ground did lie,
VVhen loe! a wondrous matter did enſue,
A miracle moſt ſtrange to euery eye:
For on a ſudden all their tailes vp ſtood,
Tooke roote within the ground, and 'gan to bud;
And into willow trees, which there are ſeene,
Were thē transform'd moſt fragrāt, ſweet, & greene.
VVhich when the *Kentiſh-men* at firſt beheld,
Feeling their hanches lighter then they were,
VVith ſhootes and ioyfull cryes ſo long they yel'd,
That many vnto *Douer* did them heare.
And *London* bridge with *Cæſars* towre did ſhake.
By reaſon of the noyſe which they did make.
But Charing-croſſe fell downe (as *Stow* doth ſay)
And broke his necke, as may be ſeene this day.
But that this ſtrange and great deliuerance,
From ſuch huge long-tailes, as they had of late,
Might ſtill be had in freſh remembrance:
That day to Fortune they did dedicate:
Enacting; that for euer once a yeare,
On St. *Lukes* day they ſhould aſſemble there,
To feaſt and frollicke on theſe pleaſant bankes,
And giue to Fortune her deſerued thankes.
Long time this ſolemne cuſtome was obſeru'd,
And *Kentiſh-men* with others met to feaſt,
But latter times are from old faſhions ſweru'd,
And growne repugnant to this good beheaſt:
For now vngratefull men theſe meetings ſcorne,
And thankeleſſe proue to Fortune and the horne:
For onely now is kept a poore Gooſe Faire,
VVhere none but meaner people doe repaire.

But

But whilſt it was obſerued : did befall
A certaine matter worthy obſeruation,
For ſome wilde Colts (which Citizens we call)
And when they are abroad it is their faſhion,
Being all fluſtred, in their merry mood
Pull'd down the poſt, & threw the horns i'th flood
But mark a wondrous thing! The horns next Tide
To land aboue the bridge were all deſcride.
The *Kentiſh-men* at their next Congregation
Seeing the Poſt to be purloin'd away,
T'erect another made a conſultation,
As like vnto the former as they may :
VVhich was no ſooner vp: but ſome againe,
VVhich had ſmal cauſe for want of horns to plain,
Stole them away: And thus from time to time,
They were abuſed with the fore-ſaid crime.
Which thing when that theſe curtail'd men eſpide:
With certaine *London* Butchers they agreed,
That they ſufficient hornes ſhould ſtill prouide,
For to repaire the poſt when it ſhould need :
And for reward the neighbouring fields ſhould be
Theirs and their heires to hold eternally :
Prouided ſtill, that hornes did neuer want,
For then they made a forfeit of their grant.
Thus is the Poſt repair'd, and Fortunes Port,
Since Citizens firſt tooke their Hornes away,
(Whether it be in earneſt or in ſport)
Is nicke-nam'd Cuckolds-Hauen to this day :
And at this place as you ſhall vnderſtand,
Was maiſter *Hercules* conuai'd to Land:
An ominous preſage (without all doubt)
Of future lucke, and what he went about.

The

The water-men, which tumbled in with him,
Were in the meane time gotten to the ſhore:
For they by happy fortune both could ſwim,
Being inſtructed in that Art before.
Their bote and euery thing the others ſought,
And vnto land with *Hercules* them brought
Onely his hat was miſt, which was ſmall harme,
His horn-wrought-cap wold keep his nodle warm.
They were no ſooner on the bankes arriu'd,
But preſently new troubles did begin.
The ſtubborne water-men of wit depriu'd
Fell at debate about their falling in:
And firſt with bitter termes of foule diſgrace,
Each one reuil'd another to his face:
And afterward, to recompence the mockes.
They fell frō words to blows & boiſtrous knocks.
Which when ſtout-hearted *Hercules*, beheld,
(Being vnwilling to be beaten dry)
He tooke his heeles, and ran into the field
To ſhun the dangers of this mutiny;
Where by the glimmering of a candle bright,
Vpon a little cottage he did light:
Whither he went, and entrance did deſire
To dry his dropping garments by the fire.
Which when the maiſter of the houſe did heare,
And looking forth did ſee that miſer wight,
Which (like a drowned Mouſe) ſtood dropping (there
He was much moued at that pittious plight;
And firſt into his cottage him admitted,
And after bid him welcome, as befitted,
And made a fire, enough to roſt a bull,
And gaue him Ale and Toſt his belly full.

The

The watermen, which lately were at iar,
(Seeing the lookers on to giue them way,
And not once offer for to end their war)
Did wiſely of themſelues conclude the fray,
And after that they found their buffets ſmarted
From blowes they fell to words, and ſo departed,
Curſing each other vvith reproaches vile,
After they were aſunder halfe a mile.
And now our Mariners no ſooner were
Freed from thoſe dangers: and all tumults paſt;
But that incontinent a ſudden feare
A freſh inuaded them, and much agaſt.
For *Hercules* they miſt, and ſought about,
Yet by their ſeeking could not finde him out,
Then did they call alowd, but all in vaine,
Which makes them feare, he is fall'n in againe.
Neere to the ſhore they ſearched with their bote,
But no where by their groping could him find:
His hat they found which fairely there did flote,
With treble Sypres, and with veluet lin'd.
But miſſing him, they rowd againe to land,
More happy tidings there to vnderſtand:
Whither arriu'd, The dawncing day did ſhew
The little cottage ſituate below.
Vnto that little houſe forthwith they ran,
And for halfe drowned *Hercules* enquire;
When they beheld that lamentable man
In dropping manner drying his attyre.
Sadly he lookt, and ſorrily did ſit,
As if he ſcarce recouered had his wit,
But when he ſaw the watermen arriu'd,
His fainting ſpirits ſomewhat were reviu'd.

Glad

Glad were they to behold each other there.
And 'gan diſcourſe of their fore paſſed dangers:
But maiſter *Hercules*, now void of feare,
Did chafe, and fret, and threat, and curſe the ſtrangers,
And, like a Lyon raging for his prey,
Did ſweare reuenge, if they came in his way.
For to a yong man falles no greater loſſe,
Then in his wooing time to haue a Croſſe.
The Water-men, his wrath to pacifie,
Gaue him faire words, and 'gan for to relate
How valiantly they made their foes to flie,
And how they ſoundly knockt them on the pate.
But ſince (quoth they) all dangers now are paſt.
And we are ſafely here arriu'd at laſt,
Let's drinke downe ſorrow, & the day here ſpend,
And at next Ebbe wee'l ferry to *Grauſend*.
With this was maiſter *Hercules* content,
And there that day to tarry he decreed,
(For when we cannot chooſe, we muſt conſent)
His clothes were wet, and he could not proceed.
For both his health, the time, and his good fortune
To wooe in dry apparell did importune:
And homeward to returne he was vnwilling,
There to be mockt. 'Twere better ſpend a ſhilling.
There all that day, and almoſt all the night,
('Too tedious vnto *Hercules*) they ſtay'd:
Where how they ſpent the time, recount I might,
But that to trouble you I am afrai'd.
Therefore of purpoſe (as I thinke moſt fit)
Thoſe circumſtances I will here omit;
Becauſe (for breuitie) I moſt intend
To haue them quickly landed at *Grauſend*.

And

And now conceiue them in their boate againe,
Their garments dry, and they faire ſhipt for *Kent*:
And now ſo ſwift they furrow downe the maine,
As if an Arrow from a long-bow went:
And now imagine they haue ſail'd ſo faſt,
That at *Grauſ-end* they are arriu'd at laſt.
And now becauſe wee'l not be long a doing,
Imagine *Hercules* is cloſe a wooing.
Kate had her leſſon: and at firſt was coy,
Yet was ſhe coyly kind, and kindly nice:
Now lift him vp with hope her to enioy,
Now caſt him downe with doubts which did ariſe:
She ſaid his faith and long perſeueration,
Had almoſt forc't her to commiſeration,
And that ſhe lou'd: but wher our ſelues we are not
We often wiſh, when doe the thing we dare not.
I doe confeſſe I beare you ſome affection,
Although the ſame I yet durſt neuer ſhew:
For where the Parents will haue all election;
The children muſt be bended to their bow,
And therefore ſince their vvill muſt be my law,
Let me entreat your meaning to vvith-draw:
How happy are thoſe maids, whoſe fearleſſe voice
May of their husbands make their own free choice:
Both hope and feare in *Hercules* his face,
Were ſeene to combat: vvhen he thus repli'd,
Let me enioy thy fauour and thy grace,
And I reſpect not all thy friends beſide:
For though they be vnwilling, and vvithſtand
To giue their full conſent to my demand,
Yet if to be my wife thou wilt agree,
Without their liking I vvill marry thee.

Pitty

Pitty it were, your feruent loue (ſaid *Kate*,)
Should want his merite and his due deſart,
And I could wiſh, if it were not too late,
To giue redreſſe to your deſtreſſed heart;
But that my Parents haue decreed it meeter,
To haue me married to Maiſter *Peeter*:
The wealthy Linnen-Draper at the Bell,
Though I proteſt I loue you twice as well.
To Maiſter *Peeter* (quoth he) what am I, (better
That Shepheards-holland ſhould bee thought my
It is my Parents will (did *Kate* reply)
And they intend me to that logge to fetter,
But bleſt were I, before our hands doe meete,
If I were ſhrouded in my winding ſheete,
For ſure I am, although I doe him marry,
True loue vnto him I ſhall neuer carry.
Hereat ſhe ſtaid and wept. He wip'd her eyes,
And wept to ſee her weepe; and thus repli'd ſ
My deareſt loue, before the Sunne doe riſe
Earely to morrow doe thy ſelfe prouide,
And ſecretly to *London* with me wend,
Where of theſe matters I will make an end,
For I will wed thee firſt, and which is ſweeter,
I'le bed thee after in deſpight of *Peter*.
And let thy froward Parents fret their fill,
Which ſeeke to marry thee againſt thy mind:
If thou wilt grant me promiſe of good will,
And take the courſe which I haue now aſſign'd,
Though all thy friends diſpleaſure ſeeme to take,
And both thy Parents doe thee quite forſake:
Their frownes or fauours I doe little ſtand on,
For I till death will neuer thee abandon.

Kate

Kate, which knew well, when as the Sun did ſhine
It was the fitteſt ſeaſon to make hay,
Did now thinke meete her Fortreſſe to reſigne:
Conſidering dangers iſſue from delay:
And therfore ſetting circumſtance aſide,
Becauſe his loue ſo faithfull ſhe had tride,
She was content next morning before day,
Sans fathers leaue to ſteale with him away.
Thus was this match confirm'd with many a kiſſe,
And they on all things fully were concluded:
When loe! mine Hoſteſſe (ſeeming *Kate* to miſſe)
Into the roome forth-with her ſelfe intruded: (her
And call'd her foorth, for much it ſeem'd to mooue
To ſee her talking ſecret with her louer,
And therefore chiding *Kate* (as much offended:)
Away they went, and ſo the woing ended.
And now mine Hoſt, mine Hoſteſſe, & her daughter,
About theſe matters did in counſell ſit, (laughter)
Which when mine Hoſt did heare (ſurpriz'd with
He much did praiſe their quicke and ready wit;
Which had ſo ſoone, and in ſuch ſubtile wiſe,
Contriu'd ſo fine and ſtrange an enterpriſe:
And by a ſtratageme ſo rare and witty,
Had caught a ſimple Cuckoe of the City.
But (briefly) there, without more conſultation,
It was enacted, by a full conſent
Before the Cocke did chant his ſalutation,
Or lampes left burning in the firmament
That *Kate* next morning ſhould her ſelfe prouide
To meete her louer at the waters ſide:
Sad meeting vnto him, which muſt by lot
Father a child, the which he neuer got.

Time

Time, vvhich doth ſwiftly turne all things about,
Brought on the time for meeting deſtinate,
When *Hercules* came ſoftly ſtealing out,
And at his heeles vvent creeping louely *Kate*,
Not daring almoſt breath (as he ſuppoſed)
Foſ feare that her eſcape ſhould be diſcloſed:
How happy art thou *Hercules* to finde,
A vvench ſo truly conſtant, and ſo kind?
A boate vvas ready into vvhich they enter,
Faire ſhipt for *London* vvithout vvinde or tide:
And like to *Iupiter* vvith his aduenture,
(When as *Europa* on his backe did ride)
So vp the Thames in triumph did he ferry,
Proud of his purchaſe, frollicke, blith, and merry:
And landing at the Tower, vvith liberall purſe,
Married they vvere for better, and for vvorſe.
Thus is the Woodcocke fall'n into the gin,
And in Lobs-pound intangled by a vvile
Behold the fortune of a Citizen,
That makes no conſcience others to beguile!
In wooing time here likewiſe vnderſtand,
At Cuckolds-Hauen to be caſt on land,
How ominous it is, and hard to flie,
The horned chance of crooked deſtinie.
But this is for thy comfort (man of Trade)
Thou neither art the firſt, nor ſhalt be laſt,
Which haſt a voyage in this manner made,
And beene on quicke-ſands by miſ-fortune caſt:
For 'tis vncertaine to the moſt that wed,
Whether they haue a womans Maiden-head:
And 'tis as hard a matter to be knowne,
Whether they keep more children then their own.

There-

Therefore ye rurall and champeſtriall men,
VVhich liue in villages and Country townes,
Doe not deride and mocke the Citizen,
As if there were no Cuckolds among Clownes;
As if your maids were *Malkins*, & your wiues
Would carue no Codfiſh, wanting of your knaues
For 'tis reported (greater is the pitty)
The Country partly imitates the Citty.
I doe confeſſe, the Cittie may of due
Pleade of the Hornes the more abundant ſhare,
Chiefly by reaſon of the gallant crue,
VVhich there reſide, and of their daintie fare,
Beſides, Playes Pageants, and the tilting day,
May giue occaſion for to runne aſtray:
Againe, their beauties, and their braue attire,
Are greater motiues to prouoke deſire.
Nath'leſſe I would not haue a Ruſticke Swaine
Condemne all cittizens to be cornuted,
As that the country were deuoyd of ſtaine,
And that the cittie were alone polluted:
For many cittizens did neuer ſet
Their wiues in ſhops more cuſtomers to get:
Though diuers wealthy farmers haue bin knowne,
To keep their Landlords children as their owne.
The thriftie Cittizen which liues by trade,
Hath in a roome or two his wife confinde,
So that the want of place hath often made
Some women honeſt, much againſt their minde:
She neuer walkes abaod, but either hee,
Or his apprentice watch her narrowly;
So that by any meanes I cannot ſee
How euery tradeſman ſhould a Cuckold bee.

Whereas the country forrests, woods and fields,
Groues, thickets, haycocks, grasse, and standing corne
To such intents more fit occasion yeilds,
And greater libertie to graft the Horne:
And therefore howsoeuer the Cittie-Dame
For pride and beauty may deserue the name;
Yet country *Marian* with her liuely browne,
Is oft as willing to be tumbled downe.
Therefore although much crazed broken wares
Are vented vnto Cittizens by chance;
Yet sure the country people haue their shares,
And hand in hand with Cittizens may dance:
And this to be no fiction nor a lie,
Their Teachers in white sheetes can testifie:
So that I must conclude; both towne and cittie
Haue store of Cuckolds, worthy, rich and wittie.
But now doth *Hercules* enioy his Bride,
And to his house with glorie doth her bring;
God giue you ioy, his friends and neighbors cride,
And send you comfort of your wedding ring.
Thus for a weeke in pleasures and delights,
They feast on dayes, and frollicke in the nights,
When loe! a sudden storme did ouer-spread
The mirth and reuells of their marriage bed.
The iouiall time of pastime and content,
Which married persons doe in kissing spend,
Was scarce begun, when all their merriment
By meanes of forked fortune made an end.
And now their horny-moone that late was cleare,
Did pale, obscure, and tenebrous appeare;
And thrusting forth her horns, did plaine bewray,
That some are Cuckolds on their wedding day.

The

The reaſon of this ſodaine diſcontent,
Which nipt ſo ſoone their pleaſures in the ſpring,
Was by occaſion of an accident,
A luckleſſe chance, and vnexpected thing,
That vnto maiſter *Hercules* befell,
Which made him thinke his head began to ſwell,
A ſodaine Croſſe, which did him ſo much paine,
That now he wiſht to be vnwed againe.
They were not long conioyn'd in wedlocks band,
But that from them a Meſſenger was ſent
Vnto mine hoſte, to let him vnderſtand
The wedding newes, and how all matters went:
Which when he heard; with words he *Kate* reuil'd
Calling her graceleſſe, diſobedient childe;
And ſince ſhe married, (all her friends vnwilling)
He ſwore, frō thē ſhe neuer ſhould haue ſhilling.
This was ſome cauſe why *Hercules* might grieue,
And of his haſty marriage ſoone repent;
(The want of portion, which ſhould him relieue,
The lacke of Parents fauour and conſent)
The want of wealth for which ſome onely marry,
Might giue him cauſe with *Katherine* to varie:
But want of theſe, nor all theſe did moleſt him,
It was too much of one thing which opprett him.
Too much, and more then he was glad to finde,
Too much, and more then he ſo ſoone expected,
Did ſo with iealous thoughts diſturbe his minde,
That now his Bride by him was much ſuſpected.
For as one night he chanced to put ouer
His twining arme about his naked Louer,
(As married men are wont to doe in bed)
With ſodaine feare he was aſtoniſhed.

For as he there her body did embrace,
Touching each tender and delicious limme,
Her breasts, her necke, her chin, her nose, her face
So round, streight, pretty, beautifull, and trimme:
And finding those so pleasant to his touch,
Downeward he felt if lower parts were such,
But on her belly when his hand was laid,
A quicke conceit his further searching staid.
A quicke conceit, or thing conceiued quicke,
Vnder his hand he deemed for to feele;
And now he thought that it did stir and kicke,
As if it were a creature with a heele:
But in the end he certainly concluded,
That in this hasty match he was deluded,
And that this stirring motion needes must be
A liuing childe, and two leg'd Timpany.
And do I liue? (thought he) or am I dead?
Or doe I sleepe? or doe I dreame awake?
Or doe I feele? or are my senses fled?
Or doth this stir? or doe I but mistake?
No sure, I liue, and waking haue perceiu'd,
That I doe feele, my wife is quicke conceiu'd;
That I doe truly feele and plainly find
These stirring motions cannot come from winde.
And am I gulld? and made a laughing stocke,
To haue my children gotten to my hand?
And had you none (sweet wife) but mee to mocke?
Or doe you thinke I cannot vnderstand?
Must I be bawd vnto your base desire,
And cloak your whordome like an apple-squire?
No *Kate*, you shall perceiue that I haue eyes,
And can discerne your wiles and pollicies.

Here-

Herewith his ſleeping wife he did awake,
And grauely to examine her begunne;
What thing is this which doth thus ſtirring make,
And vp and downe thy belly ſeemes to runne? (ther
Art thou with child? and could'ſt thou find no o-
To be thy ſtale, and make a yonger brother?
Or doſt thou thinke I am ſo ſoone beguild,
That I will patronize anothers childe?
Kate, which had long before theſe things debated,
Now of an anſwere was not to prouide,
Nor at his ſpeeches did ſhe ſeeme amated,
Neither to be conceiued ſhe denide.
For I confeſſe (quoth ſhe) I feele ſome thing
Within my belly for to leape and ſpring,
Which if it be an infant, as I gather,
Here I will take mine othe, you are the father.
Shameleſſe and wicked woman, voyd of grace,
Doſt thou not bluſh (ſaid he) theſe words to giue?
Can it be true, that in ſo little ſpace
A child ſhould be begotten, moue, and liue?
Certs if you proue ſo ſoone, and child ſo quickly,
We ſhall haue ſtore of children it is likely:
But 'tis ſo plaine, that I will pawne my life,
You were with child before you were my wife.
And therefore early doe your ſelfe prouide,
And backe againe vnto your friends repaire;
For I will be no Gold-ſmith, for to hide,
And guild the out-ſide of your copper ware,
Nor will I be a Marchant of retaile,
To ſet your broken-marchandize to ſale;
No miſtris *Kate*; your cunning is too ſhallow,
I am not yet ſo blinde ſuch flies to ſwallow.

Kate was not daunted at his boiſterous threats,
Nor of his mighty menaces affraid,
Neither for pardon at his hands entreats,
But boldly vnto *Hercules* ſhe ſaid:
Haue I (ſayd ſhe) vnfortunate, vnbleſt,
Againſt my Parents liking and beheſt,
Onely for loue (vnwiſely) choſen thee,
Reiecting many better of degree?
And are you now ſo iealous without ground?
Or elſe growne weary of your wedding ſtate?
Do you not know, when marriage once hath bound,
That afterwards repentance is too late?
Haue I caſt off my friends at your petition?
And would you now diuorce me for ſuſpition?
Making your ſelfe a by-word vnto men,
And laughing ſtocke to euery Citizen.
Well Minion (anſwered he) I tell you plaine,
I'le not be bob'd with ſuch a ſlight excuſe;
You know, without a cauſe I doe not plaine,
Nor will I pocket vp this vilde abuſe:
For though till death the lawes of wedlock bind,
Yet in this caſe I am not of your mind;
For if conditions be diſſolu'd by you,
The forfeit of the bond Ile ſtand vnto.
If I (ſayd ſhe) haue broke my plighted vow,
Or ſince the marriage gone one ſtep awry,
Then vſe the rigour which Law doth allow,
And of the forfeit take the penalty:
But from my promiſe ſince I haue not ſweru'd,
But haue my faith inuiolate obſeru'd,
I craue no fauour: therefore do your worſt,
It is your child, and you ſhall ſee it nurſt.

And

And though my wrathfull Parents for your ſake,
Out of their loue and fauour haue me throwne,
Yet both of them I will acquainted make,
And preſently ſend for them to the towne: (grieued
And though my fooliſh choyce much hath them
Whereby I might deſpaire to be relieued;
Yet ſince my honeſt name is at the ſtake,
I hope that now they will me not forſake,
Thus for that night the conference had end,
And careleſſe *Kate* fell quickly faſt aſleepe:
But Maiſter *Hercules* the night did ſpend,
In troublous thoughts, which did him waking keepe;
Sometimes he thought to put her quite away;
Sometimes ſuppos'd it fitter ſhe ſhould ſtay;
Sometimes to make it knowne he deemed beſt;
Sometimes much better that it were ſuppreſt.
For if he caſt her off, or made it knowne,
Though to her ſhare great ſcandall might betide,
Yet he perceiu'd the ſcorne would be his owne,
And that the world his folly would deride:
Or if he kept her, and the fault conceale,
(To ſhun reproaches in the common-weale)
Yet inwardly ſome griefe would ſtill be cleauing,
Becauſe that he muſt take anothers leauing:
And thus perplexed in his doubtfull mind,
Conſulting with himſelfe he lay all night,
Vntill the Roſie morning had aſſign'd,
The cloud's of darkeneſſe to auoid the light:
When from his bed ariſing preſently,
He went vnto a neighbour dwelling by,
His truſty friend, a Midwife by vocation,
Of great experience, and good eſtimation.

Full twenty yeeres she had a vvidow beene
Like to a Turtle mourning for her mate,
Yet fat and plumpe she vvas for to be seene,
As if but little care she vs'd to take:
Many a match and married copulation
Had beene affected by her instigation.
True talkatiue she was, like all the rest,
And could tell bawdy tales, and breake a iest.
Some little skill she had in Surgery,
And could redresse, and cure diseases hidden,
Which doe proceed from lust and surquedry,
By tasting of those fruits which are forbidden,
By vvhich occasion she was well acquainted
With diuers Citizens that had beene tainted,
And for this secret cause, or for some others
Was *Hercules* well knowne to this old mother.
Vnto this ghostly Counsailor he came,
And all his grieuance let her vnderstand:
Desiring her, that to preuent the shame,
VVhich did attend his credit hard at hand,
She vvould aduise him in her pollicy,
VVhat he should doe in this perplexity:
And so the story of his woe he told:
From point to point, as I did erst vnfold.
Which when old mother *Maribones* did heare,
Like to a sage and sober Ape she smiled,
And thus reply'd I wis, my neighbours deare
It is hard measure to be thus beguiled,
And (sure) it cannot chuse but vex your mind
Such quicke conception in your wife to find:
Nor truely (neighbour) can I much you blame,
If you be mou'd and angry for the same,

But

But let me tell you; 'Tis no time to grieue,
Or raiſe tumultuous brawles about this thing
Iarring debate cannot your wrong relieue,
Nor any helpe vnto your head-ache bring.
Rather with patience, and with quiet carriage,
Support the croſſes of your haſty marriage.
For ſince the Prieſt the wedding knot hath tide,
For better and for worſe ſhe is your Bride.
Keepe her you muſt with quietneſſe or ſtrife,
And therefore make you choyce of which you will.
If ſhe be true or falſe, ſhe is your wife,
So is ſhe likewiſe, be ſhe good or ill.
If ſhe be fat and rich, or leane and poore;
If Saint or Diuell, honeſt or a whore;
After the weddings ſportfull celebration
It is too late to make a recantation.
To put her quite away for this her claime
In law and conſcience you can haue no reaſon:
For ſince the fault was done before your time,
Cauſe of diuorce doth now come out of ſeaſon,
Since therefore by no meanes you can forſake her,
But that with all her faults you needes muſt take her
'Tis rathe, for your credit to conceale it,
Then to your ſhame and infamy reueale it.
And yet I would not haue you ſo content,
Wholly to cloke and ſwallow this abuſe;
Make ſhew of anger, wrath and diſcontent,
Neither allow of any blind excuſe:
Threaten diuorce, and if that beare no ſway,
Priuately ſend her to her friends away.
And boldly let them know, that backe againe
You neuer meane your wife to entertaine.

Which

Which when her Parents ſee, that ſtill make ſhowe
Of great diſpleaſure at their daughters choyce,
And neither vvill vvith portion her endowe
Nor vvith kind looke, nor comfortable voyce.
VVhen they behold their daughter in that eaſe,
Turn'd out of doores vnto their foule diſgrace,
Though heretofore they haue bin proud & ſtout,
Then ſhall you ſee them glad to ſeeke you out.
Then ſhall you ſee them humbly to you ſue,
VVith faire entreaties, and much obſecration,
That her offence you vvould vvith pitty viewe,
And on their yeares take ſome commiſeration,
And not to make them, and their onely daughter,
The ſcornefull ſubiect of reproch and laughter.
Then vvill they promiſe much and giue you more,
If you vvill keepe her ſtill and ſalue this ſore.
And now, although at firſt you were vnwilling
Euer againe to take their daughter *Kate*;
Yet when you ſee your cheſtes and chambers filling
VVith ſtore of money, houſehold ſtuffe and plate.
Then may you ſeeme by little to relent,
And (in your loue) her folly to lament,
And that you pleaſe (vpon her good behauiour)
At their requeſts to take her into fauour.
Thus ſhall you purchaſe both her Parents loue,
Obtaine great riches, and conceale your ſhame:
And this your kindneſſe will your vvife ſo moue,
(If ſhe haue any grace to vveigh the ſame)
That ſhe vvill proue ſo honeſt, kind, and chaſt,
That ſhe will ſatisfie for all is paſt.
And all your friends which ſee her vertuous life,
Will bleſſe your fortune in ſo good a vvife.

And though ſhe be big-bellied with a child,
That you are certaine cannot be your owne:
Let it not grieue you to be thus beguild,
(Conſidering that the matter is not knowne)
Neither refuſe to patronize the ſame,
And Chriſten it according to your name,
For many wealthy Citizens haue done it,
And either did not know, or could not ſhun it.
For better is your caſe then many others,
VVhoſe iealous mindes are ſtill oppreſt with feare,
Euer ſuſpecting v hen your vviues grow mothers,
They are not fathers to the babes they beare,
And ſtill ambiguous, that their wiues diſſemble,
If their yong Infants doe them not reſemble
VVhereas you need not feare to be beguild,
For you are certaine it is not your child.
And though it be not yours, nor you can tell
What Cuckoe laid this egge within your neſt,
Imagine it is yours, and all is well.
For in imagination all doth reſt.
Many a man is by his wife beguild,
And yet imagines he begot the child.
For whither children be your owne or no,
Imagination onely makes them ſo.
Your wife hath done amiſſe, and ſo haue many
(For who offends not, either ſoone or latter)
The moſt haue wanton motions: Neither can I
Excuſe my ſelfe, vnleſſe my ſelfe I flatter,
But when that I was yong, I was enclin'd,
As other merry wenches are by kind,
For this is all the difference can be ſpide
She is leaſt faulty, that can faults beſt hide.

Then

Then ſince ſhe is but like your neighbours wiues;
(Onely her lucke is worſe to haue it knowne)
Since you are tied together for your liues,
And cannot be diuorſt, as I haue ſhowne,
And ſince you cannot her diſgrace report,
But it will breede your ſcorne: let me exhort,
That you conceale her faults and let her friends
With bags of money make you ſome amends.
Thus did that politicke old woman prate,
And *Hercules* went home well ſatisfied,
Meane while you muſt conceiue, that crafty *Kate*,
Was neither idle, nor ill occupied.
For ſhe (poſt haſt) a meſſenger had ſent
To ſet her Parents know how all things went,
And to deſire them (ſince ſhe ſtood in need)
They would repaire to *London* with all ſpeed.
And for to keepe without her husbands reach,
Lockt in a chamber all that day ſhe ſate,
Becauſe ſhe had no minde to heare him preach,
Nor of thoſe matters to expoſtulate.
But when her Parents were come to the towne,
Out of her chamber ſhe came ſadly downe,
Her head cloſe bound, her countenance deiected,
And on her knees their bleſſing ſhe expected.
But they, (as though ſhe had not beene their child
Or they diſdeigned to know her) look'd aſide.
With bitter words they ſharpely her reuil'd,
And outwardly made ſhew to brawle and chide.
But *Kate* with teares of ſorrow and contrition
Vpon her knees for pardon made petition;
Deſiring them, (ſince her offence was paſt)
They would forgiue her, and forget at laſt.

Married

Married I am (quoth ſhee) and would to God,
That I could truly ſay I were not married:
But till repentance whip vs with her rod,
With headſtrong youthfull wills we are ſo carried
We cannot turne: vntill too late we finde
Our ſelues vnto our ſelues are moſt vnkinde:
And yet how bleſt and happy were my ſtate
Now to repent, if it were not too late.
But I am tied to ſuch a crabbed Clowne,
That all this Citie ſcarce hath ſuch a fellow;
For he doth nothing elſe but lowre and frowne,
And hath his hoſe already died in yellow:
Becauſe I breed, he twits me with a crime,
And ſaith I am with child before my time:
And though I left you all (by his perſwaſion)
He meanes to caſt me off by this occaſion.
Herewith a dropping ſhowre of trickling teares,
(*As* moſt of them haue weeping at command)
Did ſtop her ſpeech. And *Hercules* appeares,
Which in the next roome all this while did ſtand;
With whom mine Hoſteſſe in great rage & choler
(Seeming much mou'd to ſee her daughters do-
In haſty manner did begin to chide, (lour)
That ſo vnkindly he had vſ'd his Bride.
And hath our daughter againſt our intent
Made choyce (ſaid ſhe) of ſuch a froward mate?
Hath ſhe without our liking and conſent
(Preferring your good will before our hate)
Left all her friends, and gone with you away,
And in this ſort doe you her loue repay?
Now (doubtleſſe) ſhe hath made a goodly match
Fiſhing ſo faire, at length a Frog to catch.

What

What ſhe hath caught in fiſhing (he replied)
May by her belly quickly be perceiued,
But for my part, it cannot be denied,
But with a Frog or worſe, I am deceiued,
Yet howſoere a Frog fall to my ſhare,
Becauſe in fiſhing I did not beware,
Since that the Frog too ſoone doth multiply,
Ile neither keepe the Frog, nor yet her fry.
The ſimple truth is this, I doe not meane
To ſtile another's baſtard by my name.
He which did till the furrowes, let him gleane,
And reape the crop that, growes vpon the ſame:
Your daughter is with child: and I doe find
That by no meanes it can be of my kind.
Therefore I am reſolu'd, (let come what may)
Within my houſe ſhe ſhall no longer ſtay.
Sir (ſaid mine Hoſteſſe) if that ſhe were cleare,
I would thinke ſcorne to pin her on your ſleeue,
But ſince ſhe is with child (as you doe feare)
And yet are married (though without our leaue)
Whether that you be willing, or elſe loth
You ſhall maintaine and patronize them both:
For I am ſure you wed not to the halfe,
Yours is the Cow, and you ſhall keepe the Calfe,
She is with child, you ſay, and what of that?
'Tis none of yours, you thinke: how can you proue it?
I ſay, if that ſhe be with child, it's flat,
That you muſt father, keepe, protect, and loue it.
But 'tis not yet a month, ſince you were married,
And therefore you ſuppoſe ſhe hath miſcaried:
But giue me leaue to ſay, you are deceiu'd
For diuers in leſſe time haue beene conceiu'd.

You

You are too yong as yet, and much to ſeeke,
What to theſe woemens matters doth belong
You thinke, vnleſſe ſhe goe full forty weekes,
That ſhe hath plaied you falſe and done you wrong;
Alas (good men) how cunning you will be
In your wiues childing, and deliuerie?
Before you ſcarce know how to get a child,
You will keepe reckoning leſt you be beguil.d.
To ſee the child begotten is your part:
It is your wiues to bring them forth in ſeaſon,
It ſhewes a iealous and ſuſpicious heart,
How long or ſhort they reckon, for to reaſon
Neuer was man with child. And therefore no man
Can tell thoſe things ſo truly as a woman
And therefore to your proofe I make deniall,
Since by report you ſpeake, and not by triall.
Some foole, or groſſe Phyſition brought to light
This fond opinion firſt of fourty weekes:
But I will ſhew by arguments aright,
That this opinion is not worth two leekes:
For though in ancient times it might be true,
Yet in the yeares and ages that enſue
It ſtill ſhould hold, is no ſound inference,
As I will ſhew by good experience.
In former ages, when the world began,
And that dame Nature was in her full ſtrength,
The time of life appointed vnto man,
Nine hundred and odde yeares was then in length,
Then wiues had time to breed (as Writers tell)
And tooke more leiſure for to doe things well,
Their children were far greater, large, & ſtronger,
Which was the cauſe that they accounted longer.

For

For then a child but newly come to light,
Lying in cloutes vpon his Nurſes knee,
Was euery way as great in outward ſight,
As now at 20. yeares a man can bee:
And therefore ſuch great children muſt by reaſon
Vnto their birth require a longer ſeaſon
Then doe our little, ſilly, Pigmie brats,
VVhich, in reſpect of them, are but like Rats.
Another inſtance likewiſe doth me moue,
VVhich much auaileth for this truths diſcerning,
VVhen our forefathers firſt began to loue,
And generations art vvas but in learning,
Men were not halfe ſo skilfull in the Trade,
As now by long experience they are made:
And therefore ſhorter time will ſerue (I hold)
To bring forth children now, then did of old.
Againe, dame Nature is more fertile growne,
Then erſt ſhe wonted for to be of yore,
Twice in a yeare you ſee ſome meadowes mowne,
And trees to bring forth fruit, (not ſeene before)
Twice in a yeare ſome Ewes doe multiplie,
And more then twice ſome creatures fructifie:
And diuers vviues, vvhoſe faith vvants no excuſe,
Three or foure children at one birth produce.
In ancient time full 40. vveekes did need,
Becauſe their babes vvere of a larger ſize:
But now, dame Nature making better ſpeed,
A great deale ſhorter time doth vvell ſuffice.
For many vvomen, after they are wed,
In leſſe then 20. vveekes are brought a bed;
And ſome in 10. and ſome in more, ſome leſſe,
According to their kind, and fruitfulneſſe.

And

And which is yet more ſtrange then all the reſt,
But not ſo ſtrange as true; I know a wife,
That was eſteem'd as honeſt as the beſt,
And true vnto her husband all her life:
Which, ere a moneth was fully paſt and done
After the wedding, had a goodly ſonne:
And yet I knovv her husband will be ſworne,
The childe was his, although ſo quickly borne.
And therefore, if you meane to liue in quiet,
It is your beſt to make no further trouble,
The childe is yours, it boots not to deny it,
And you the father, though ſhe carry double:
Well (anſwered *Hercules*) I doe not meane
To keep a baſtard, and anothers queane:
Good words (ſaid ſhe) & then the harme is ſmall;
You muſt and ſhall, and there's an end of all.
When as mine hoſte did heare them grow ſo hot,
Which all this while ſtood ſilent without ſpeech,
With milder words, (as they had layd the plot)
That they would heare him ſpeake, he did beſeech:
I cannot tell (quoth he) to what intent
You hold this ſtrong and needleſſe argument:
For many idle words may breed confuſion,
But neuer bring theſe matters to concluſion.
The caſe is thus: Our daughter you haue married
VVithout our leaue, our liking and conſent;
And therefore if ſhe chance to haue miſcarried,
It is your iuſt deſerued puniſhment:
If we had beene the makers of this match,
You might haue ſayd, we did you cony-catch:
But ſince it vvas your vvorke, againſt your mind,
You muſt be pleaſde to take ſuch as you find.

I ſpeake not this, becauſe that I doe thinke
My daughter hath plaid falſe, and done you wrong,
But for to let you know, that you muſt drinke
As you haue brew'd, be it ſmall or ſtrong:
Beſides, the fault (if that ſhe haue offended)
Againſt your perſon cannot be intended:
Becauſe the damage, treſpas and tranſgreſſion
VVas done before that you were in poſſeſſion.
Likewiſe the Lavves of holy Church doe binde,
And faſt combine you during all your life,
So that no fault, which at the firſt you finde,
Is cauſe ſufficient to diuorce your wife:
For by the Prieſt you vnder-vvent this curſe,
To haue and hold for better and for worſe:
Then ſure by law you neuer can forſake her, (her.
With all her faults (perforce) you needs muſt take
And neuer grudge for to take her for your Mate,
For ſhe deſerues your loue; I can you tell,
She might haue had your betters in eſtate,
And left them all, becauſe ſhe lou'd you well:
And for her honeſtie I novv dare ſvveare,
She is as honeſt as her mother heere:
It is but ſome conceit which feare hath bred,
That thus with iealouſie doth fill your head.
Here: take her, loue her, and God giue you ioy;
And you ſhall haue 300. pounds in hand;
And, after we are dead, you ſhall enioy,
Our houſe, our goods, our mony, and our land:
And if you thinke that *Kate* hath you beguild,
And therefore doe repine to keepe the child,
Send it to vs, and we will entertaine it,
And at our proper charges will maintaine it.

When

When theſe good motions *Hercules* did heare,
Although at firſt he ſeemed diſcontent,
Yet at the laſt all things concluded were,
And he well pleaſde with their arbitrement:
And thus you ſee how *Kate* herſelfe behaued,
Whereby her name and credit might be ſaued:
How *Hercules* is wiu'd and well befriended,
And all parts pleaſde, and thus my Tale is ended.
But from this ſtorie which I late haue told,
Some few ſhort obſeruations let vs gather:
Firſt, how the Cittizen for loue of gold,
An others child was willing for to father:
Whereby we may diſcerne the ſeruile minde
Of many Cittizens in this ſame kinde,
That for deſire of profit will not ſhrinke
At ſuch ſmall faults, and greater, for to winke.
Yea, ſome of them are ſo in loue with mony,
Or elſe, ſo couetous to haue hornes budding,
That to allure great Beares vnto their hony,
And hungrie dogs vnto a dirtie pudding:
They will not ſticke to make their wiues a Stale
To draw on Cuſtomers for better ſale;
And vnto ſome it is the ſureſt prop,
To haue a hanſome woman keep their ſhop.
And this is one great reaſon I ſuppoſe,
That in great townes ſo many Cuckolds ſwarme:
For when a woman beauteous as a Roſe,
Sits in her ſhop the paſſengers to charme,
Like to a ſhip in tempeſts doth ſhe ſit
In danger eu'ry minute to be ſplit:
And though ſhe doth eſcape both rocks and ſand,
Yet is not ſafe, vntill ſhe come to land.

For after all theſe ſtormy guſts are paſt,
And windes are huſht, and ſeas are calme and ſtill,
On ſubtile *Syrens* ſhe may fall at laſt,
Whoſe ſmiles are wiles, whoſe kindeſt looks do kill:
Beſides, on cruell Pirats ſhe may light,
And be encountred in the darke of night;
And though a while ſhe fight, yet ten to one, (gone.
Some cannon ſhootes her through, and then ſhee's
Euen ſo a Citizen that ſets his wife
A publike Loadſtone to attract mens eyes,
Doth vnto danger leaue her honeſt life,
Amongſt both *Syrens*, Stormes, and Pyracies:
And therefore, if that ſome be Cuckolds named,
Onely themſelues I thinke are to be blamed:
For notwithſtanding all their ſhops pretence,
They are the bawds vnto their wiues offence.
Yea ſome of them, (as though this were too little)
To hood the forked corners of their head)
Although they know their wiues be fraile & brittle,
And apt into temptations to be led,
Yet vnto Tauerns, ſpectacles and Playes,
And to the Court vpon the ſolemne dayes,
They will conuoy them very faire and quaint,
As though a woman were an earthly Saint.
And yet miſtake not, for I will not ſay,
But many of them are both chaſte and pure;
Yet thoſe are meanes to make them runne aſtray,
For golden booties ſoone doe theeues allure:
And yet they need no winde to blow the fire,
For they are hot euen of their owne deſire,
And ſome of them (though kept with key & lock)
Will graft a horne-thorne tree vpon your ſtocke.

cornus. A cornell tree or a tree whereof Buchers make pricks

A

A well-conceited fiction I haue read,
Among the ſtories which old Poets framed,
Of one that had within his carefull head,
An hundred eyes; and he was *Argus* named.
And yet for all his eyes which neuer cloſed,
But euermore to watching were diſpoſed,
One filly woman he could hardly keepe,
For whiles he ſlept but once, ſhe plaid bo-peep.
Oh what deceitfull trickes haue women kinde,
When they intend their luſt to ſatisfie?
How boundleſſe and inſatiate is their minde,
When they are bent to lawleſſe luxurie?
How brittle, fickle, wauering, falſe and fraile,
Like to a wether-cocke, ſtill turning taile?
So that to write their faults, who doth intend,
May well beginne, but ne'r ſhall make an end.
But why ſhould I complaine of letchery? Obiection:
Or preſſe bad wiues with ſuch an exclamation?
Since they vphold the ſtate of *Cuckoldrie*,
And are the pillars of that ordination:
If that the fruit be good, no cauſe I ſee,
Why we ſhould fault, or diſcommend the tree;
Or by our malice ſeeke the mans diſgrace,
VVhich by his cunning gr⁹ft it in that place.
The end is all (the prouerbe old doth ſay)
And doth approue, or diſallow each thing:
Nor doe the cauſes wander much aſtray,
VVhich to a good concluſion matters bring:
If that a woman ſomewhat tread awry,
And follow ſports of luſt and venery,
Why ſhould we blame her ſince ſhe doth pretend
Her husbands good and credit in the end.

What reaſon haue I then (may ſome ſuppoſe)
To raile at women in this bitter manner?
If wiues were true, and free from ſecret blowes,
a banner? How ſhould their husbands purchaſe ſuch an horner
If that a Cuckold be ſo braue a name,
They rather merit praiſe, then any blame:
And thus will *Momus* ſnarling brood complaine,
What late I prais'd, I now diſpraiſe againe.
Well could I wiſh the world were at that ſtay,
And euery woman of ſo honeſt carriage,
That hornes, which now beare ſuch a mighty ſway,
Might be exil'd the bonds of lawfull marriage:
But ſince this fortune hath befalne ſo many,
I ſay not, that I cannot exempt any:
Better it were the title ſhould be graced,
Then honeſt Cuckolds vtterly defaced.
And though when fruit is good, we cannot blame,
Or fault the perſon which did graft the tree;
Yet in the ground which other men doe claime,
VVe cannot plant, nor graft, nor ſowe as free:
Each hath his parcell; that which is incloſed,
Muſt at the owners pleaſure be diſpoſed:
If ground be ſcarce, the common fields be cheape,
Yet let men ſowe whereas they meane to reape.
The end is all; and ſo may Cuckolds ſing,
For many men are Cuckolds in the end;
Yet little good proceedeth from that thing
To her, which doth her husband thus offend.
For where ſhe was eſteemed chaſte before,
Now ſhee is taken for a paltry whore:
Nor was her end to win him reputation,
But for to quench the flames of fornication.

If

If that a tyrant merits any praiſe,
Which doth adiudge a Martyr to be ſlaine,
Then doth a wanton wife which ſpends her dayes
In making hornes to breed her husbands bane
Deſerue great thankes: For both alike we ſee,
To be the cauſes of their deſtenie.
But though bad manners better orders breed,
Still they are nought, & ſhame ſhal be their meed.
None I ſuppoſe is of ſo vild a life,
But will affirme it by his owne confeſſion:
To haue cloſe dealing with anothers wife,
It is a ſhameleſſe and a great tranſgreſſion;
Yet though from thence ariſe a Cuckolds name,
No blemiſh can redound vnto the ſame.
For ought we ſee, euen from a dung-hill growes,
Sweet flowers, which neither ſent nor odour loſe.
Many a man of credit, and good place,
Hath earnd great riches by a ſtinking Trade: As Iakes-farmers, Scaungers and Curriers.
And neither doth his liuing him delace,
Nor of a baſer reckoning is he made.
Why then ſhould men thus ſcorne a Cuckolds life,
For that his name comes by a ſtinking wife?
Who doth diſlike good meat, is void of wit,
Although a greazie ſcullion turne the ſpit.
Many a wicked father hath beene knowne.
To haue a ſonne of good and honeſt life:
And many a famous Cuckold of renowne,
Hath erſt beene married to a wanton wife.
And yet the womans lewdneſſe is no ſhame
Vnto the credit of a Cuckolds name.
For (certs) a Cuckold in his generation
Is held a name of worth and eſtimation.

And of all men that liue vpon the ground,
None can more fitly be a Martyr named:
For with ſuch ſcoffes and mockes his dayes abound,
As would in truth make any man aſhamed,
But that with patience he is poſſeſt,
Which makes him happy, and his ſtate more bleſt,
For Patience ſuch a noble vertue is,
As will in fine promote him vnto bliſſe.
This is the cauſe ſo many learned Clarkes,
So many ancient Authors, and graue men,
Did in their ſeuerall volumes and their workes,
Much in the praiſe of worthy Cuckolds pen.
For where this patience is ſo much commended,
A Cuckolds honour needes muſt be intended.
And well we may expound them in that ſenſe,
Since that a Cuckold is all Patience.
And rather truly might thoſe learned wits,
Applaud a Cuckold vnder that pretence:
Becauſe this vertue, which that ſtate befits,
Might beare amongſt them ſome preheminence.
And ſince it might ſeeme fooliſh to dilate,
In open words the glory of their ſtate;
Better they thought to ſet before her eyes
The patient Cuckolds praiſes in this wiſe.
Tully the Orator ſo much admir'd,
The paragon of ſweet-tun'd Eloquence,
In ſuch a robe of glory hath attir'd
A Cuckolds Vertue and his Patience
That he not onely hath preferd him cleere
Before all men that are, or euer were;
But alſo hath (without reſpect of ods)
Reputed him as equall to the gods.

The policy of old Writers in praiſing Cuckolds.

Hæc qui faciat, non ego ſummis viris eum comparo, verùm etiam ſimillimum Dijs iudico.

I liſt

I liſt not here alledge what all haue ſaid,
In commendation of the patient cure,
The vſuall examples, which are made,
Doe proue my ſayings and aſſertions true.
That ſure I wonder, and I much admire them,
(Vnleſſe the horns with patience do inſpire them)
How they ſo meekely ſuffer and abide,
The wrongs and iniuries which them betide.
But (doubtleſſe) they are men of gallant parts, *Poſſe & nol. le nobile.*
And ſcorne to take reuenge for euery toy:
It fits not valorous and noble hearts
To picke a quarrell with each ſcuruy boy:
They liue contented ſtill what ere befall,
And for their croſſes neither fight nor brall:
What *Fortune* ſends, they willingly receiue,
As you by this example may perceiue.
An honeſt good plaine-dealing man of life,
Which got his liuing daily by his labour,
Finding a knaue in ſporting with his wife,
And playing frolickly vpon his Tabor,
Did not, as ſome would vſe to ſweare & ſwagger, A wiſe and honeſt Cuckold.
And at the firſt ſight ſtab him with his dagger;
But in good words he wiſht they would amend,
And let him goe, becauſe he was his friend,
Here is a glaſſe for all men to behold
How great the patience of a Cuckold is,
Worthy in leaues of braſſe to be inrold,
That after ages might remember this.
Neuer was perſon of ſo mild a heart,
That if he found his wife at ſuch a part,
Would with ſuch quiet brooke ſo great a ſcorne,
Except he had an intereſt in the horne.

I know

Note this my yong gallant.

I know ſome hot-ſpurd-youths, which are not wed,
Will ſweare this Cuckold was a very lout:
For if that they had found the knaue a bed,
Zound's, by the eares they would haue puld him out.
They would haue beate the villaine like a ſtocke,
That neuer after he ſhould loue the ſmocke:
And in ſuch manner they would riſe the Boore,
Scarce he ſhould goe aliue out of their doore.

Omnes facile cum valemus Recta conſilia ægris damus.

Thus will my youthfull ſtriplings, in their vaine,
Brag of their valour, ere they goe to field.
But vaunting Souldiers oftentimes are ſlaine,
Or in the battle forced for to yeeld.
An empty veſſell giues a mighty ſound,
When leaſt or nothing can therein be found.
Many can tell the way to tame a ſhrow,
But they which haue the woman doe not know.
Oft haue I heard a gallant ſay as much,
And ſtamp, & ſweare, that he would flea him quicke:
Yet hath his fortune afterwards beene ſuch,
Though he haue come euen in the very nicke,
And taken one in bourding with his wife,
He durſt not draw his dagger for his life,
But was content to faine himſelfe aſleepe,
Meane while his head was armed like a ſheepe.
What are they better if they take the knaue,
And beat him ſoundly, or bereaue his life?
Can they auoid the title they muſt haue?
Or purchaſe any credit to their wife?
'Tis but a meanes to breed their further ſcorne,
Becauſe ſo grieuouſly they take the horne.
Better it is to ſee, and not eſpy it,
Then by their folly more for to deſcry it.

But

*B*ut if the Cuckold-maker be ſo bold,
To turne againe, and brauely play the man,
And knocke the Cuckold wife the cudgell hold,
In what a taking is the Cuckold than?
Surely by this needs muſt he gaine profoundly,
That both is Cuckolded and beaten ſoundly,
Much wiſer migh he ſeeme to hold his peace,
Then with ſhrewd knocks his ſorrows to increaſe
If my aduiſe may ſerue in any ſted,
Rather I giue thee counſell not to ſee,
When thou beholdſt a knaue within thy bed,
Then for to make a brawle, or mutinie:
For he that takes the horne in ſuch a grudge,
A very ſimple fellow men him iudge.
When he that is not halfe ſo foole-preciſe,
Is oft eſteemed to be very wiſe.
And well may he be taken for a Clowne,
Which, when he cannot remedy the thing,
Doth in his fury trouble all the towne,
And make the countrey of his folly ring.
But thogh the vulgar ſort a Cuckold deeme him,
Yet worthy of that name I not eſteeme him.
For to the horne this vertue doth belong,
That patient heads muſt vndergoe each wrong:
And now vpon a ſudden to my ſight
Preſents himſelfe a greater foole then this;
Which is not onely pleas'd to bring to light,
And make a wonder of his wiues amiſſe.
*B*ut for to proue himſelfe a very Daw,
Needes muſt he be diuorced by the Law.
The firſt; *By witneſſe is a Cuckold cleped,*
This; *By authority the hornes hath reaped.*

He is a cuckold not worthy to be a cuckold.

A cuckold with a witnes, and a cuckold by authority.

Graue-

Graue-headed fathers of the horned crue,
And all yee patient friends of *Cuckoldſhure*,
Let me entreat a little boone of you :
(Tis for your good and credit I require)
Baniſh theſe peaſants, theſe two lowring ianglers,
Expell them from your company for wranglers:
Race out their names and titles from your booke,
Which their good fortune with ſuch fury brooke.
Neuer let them be ranked in your band,
Which grieue to haue their Head-peece made of horne,
It cannot with your reputation ſtand,
Your colours by faint cowards ſhould be borne.
Plucke off their horns, & on their coxcombs place
A paire of Aſſes eares to their diſgrace.
Well doth their folly this old ſaying fit,
A male-contented Cuckold hath no wit.
For let me but expoſtulate this caſe;
Although to you I know it is but vaine,
Which are of wiſdome, and with time and place
Can order all your actions to your gaine.
What better is the wood-cocke, made a wonder,
When with a knaue he ſees his wife lye vnder?
Or what amendment doth he reape from hence,
To put her quite away for this offence?
I muſt confeſſe (perforce) this is the way
To let the world haue notice of his name:
Yet him I hold a foole which doth diſplay
Thoſe things which may redound vnto his ſhame.
And greater is his madneſſe I ſuppoſe,
Which whē he hath good fortune ſcarcely knows
But moſt his folly, if I dare ſo ſay,
Which bolts the doore when ſteed is ſtolne away.

Bett

Better it is in quiet take the cup,
(Since what is wouen cannot be vnſpun)
And patiently to drinke thy ſorrowes vp,
Than call in queſtion what thy wife hath done.
If of the hornes perchance thou art aſhamed,
Ten times as much by this thou art defamed:
And where to few before the fault was knowne,
Now all about the countrey it is blowne.
Thou mai'ſt remoue th'occaſion of this matter,
And by a lawfull courſe diuorce thy wife:
Yet with the vulgar ſort, which cannot flatter,
Thou ſhalt be thought a Cuckold all thy life.
And though with equity you be vntied,
The moſt will cenſure hardly on thy ſide:
For whether part ſoeuer be in fault,
Still is the husband deemed for to halt.
But to conclude, when all is come about,
And that from thee thy wife is quite diuorced,
What haſt thou earned but a mocke or flout?
For ſtill to weare the hornes thou muſt be forced.
Yet here proceeds great cauſe to make thee ſorry,
The name of Cuckold giues to thee no glory:
And though the title make another bleſt,
Shame and diſgrace it paints vpon thy creſt.
The pureſt wheate caſt in a cankred ground,
Dies ere it ſprout, and neuer yeelds increaſe:
Good holeſome meat, when body is vnſound,
Doth cloy the ſtomacke, and the man diſeaſe:
So, if the hornes be grafted in his head,
Which is with fury and impatience led,
Nothing but ſcoffes & mocks they do importune,
Thogh otherwiſe the ſcutchions of good fortune.

This

This is the scope and meaning of the place,
That ancient Poets of *Actæon* faine.
Which tooke the hornes with griefe & such disgrace,
That of his dogged passions he was slaine.
For this the story plainely shewes in part,
His dogs did teare him in the shape of Hart:
And this to all mad Cuckolds be the end,
VVhich grudge at that they neuer can amend.

All wiues which haue doting husbands say Amen.

Here can I not with silence ouer-passe,
VVithout great preiudice vnto the Horne,
To tell how patient once a Painter was,
(As kind a Cuckold as was euer borne)
And since it is a matter of some worth,
Meet to be drawne in golden colours forth,
After my simple skill it shall be painted,
Though with the Pencill I am not acquainted.
This cunning Painter was but newly wed,
Liuing in pleasure with his wanton wife;
When Fortune ayming for to horne his head,
(As Fortune still disturbes the quiet life)
Gaue him occasions by an enuious chance,
That he by Sea must trauell into *France*,
The night before his iourney he did take,
Thus to his wife in bed the Painter spake.
Sweet wife (quoth he) thou know'st I loue thee dearly,
And much I grieue to leaue thee thus alone,
I feare my absence it will touch thee neerely,
And my departure cause thee sigh and mone:
But be content (my deare) I will not stay,
Aboue a moneth at most from thee away,
'Tis but a little while (my pretty Sweet)
Shortly I hope againe we two shall meet.

Yet

Yet in remembrance,till I come againe,
And that in heart with thee at home I am,
Let me entreat thee (if it be no paine)
That on thy belly I may paint a Lambe:
Not that thy truth of honeſty I feare.
For thou art too too honeſt I dare ſweare;
But that it be a ſigne before thy eyes,
Both when thou go'ſt to bed, and doſt ariſe.
And that when ſtill thou look'ſt vpon this geere,
And on the little Lambe doſt caſt a glance,
Thou maiſt remember who did paint him there,
And ſend a ſigh vnto the coaſt of *France*,
And thinke thy husband will no longer ſtay,
Then his affaires be paſt,if winds obey;
And with theſe words he kiſt her,and ſo ſtaid,
When ſhe againe this ready anſwere made.
Husband(quoth ſhe) and then the woman wept,
And ſigh'd and ſob'd, as though ſhe had been ſickly.
Deere husband,your great kindneſſe I accept,
And ſore lament,we thus muſt part ſo quickly.
Yet neuer thinke that I ſhould you forget,
Thogh your affaires a tweluemonth ſhold you let
But if to paint a Lambe will breed your eaſe,
Paint on my belly euen while you pleaſe.
The good plaine dealing man was glad of this,
He tooke his Pencill,and to worke he went,
And on her belly did he paint (ywis)
A pretty little Lambe incontinent.
But ſince the winde for no mans cauſe doth ſtay,
He is imbarkt for *France*,and gone away:
Pitty it were to tell the griefe and mone
His wife made for him,being left alone.

Be-

Behold how croſſe ſometimes our fortune playes,
The Painter his affaires did hap ſo ill,
That now are almoſt paſt thrice thirty dayes,
And yet he is conſtrain'd to tarry ſtill:
So that before his buſineſſe was ended,
Three quarters of a yeare were quite expended:
And ſince in France ſo long the Painter tarries,
Marke how his wife her ſelfe in England carries.
A moneth ſhe tooke his abſence paſſing ſad;
But when he came not at th'appointed day,
She entertaines another lufty lad,
For to maintaine the ſport, and hold her play:
Which in all points did pleaſe her luſt ſo right,
That he was welcome to her euery night;
Nor much ſhe cared, but in outward ſhow.
Whether the Painter came againe or no.
The lufty youth which was with her acquainted,
And kept poſſeſſion of her husbands place,
By chance eſpied upon her belly painted
The little Lambe, whereat he laught apace:
But ſure he thought it wanted ſome perfection,
Becauſe of hornes there was a plaine defection;
And therefore when the woman was aſleepe,
He painted two great hornes vpon the ſheepe.
Now is the Painters buſineſſe quite paſt,
And he from France by ſea is ſafely come;
His wife about his necke her armes doth caſt,
And kiſſe him oft, and bid him welcome home:
A good kind wife. Ah my ſweet husband (then ſhe kindly wept)
What ſad misfortune hath ſo long thee kept?
Againe ſhe kiſt him, and againe ſhe cried,
If longer you had ſtay'd, I ſhould haue died.

Her

Her louing husband taking all for truth,
(Seeing his wife to weepe for very ioy)
Kiſs'd her moſt kindly, like a wanton youth,
And ſeem'd as blithe and luſty as a boy:
He tooke her ſtrait and ſet her on his knee,
Ah my ſweet wife, how does my loue? (quoth he)
How fares my Turtle? I haue done thee wrong,
In ſtaying from thy company ſo long.
But ſuch (ſweet heart) was my diſaſter chance,
And ſuch occaſions did my comming let,
That I no ſooner could returne from France,
No harme, (thought ſhe) if you had tarried yet)
But ſince (quoth he) at laſt I am come backe,
Drinke welcome to me in a pint of Sacke:
She dranke to him, he pledg'd her; to be ſhort,
They ſupt, and went to bed in honeſt ſort.
And now the Painter 'gan for to remember,
That on the night before he went from home,
A little Lambe he painted on the limber,
Vp-bearing out-ſide of her tender wombe:
Therefore, that he aſſuredly might know,
Whether his wife had faithfull beene, or no,
To view the Lambe he 'gan her kindly pray,
Which he did paint before he went away.
Husband (quoth ſhe) that you may plainly ſee
I haue preſeru'd my faith as vndefil'd,
Behold that Lambe, and after iudge of me,
If in your abſence I haue you beguil'd:
Therewith ſhe ſhew'd her belly, whereon faire
The painted Lambe appear'd with hornes a paire:
Whereat he ſtarted as he were afraid,
Yet his owne picture was there truly made.

The woman maruelled for to behold,
The Lambe deſcrib'd with ſuch a goodly head:
The man was angry, yet his peace did hold,
And ſtood amaz'd, as though he had beene dead:
But ſhe (as women are by nature ſlie,
Apt to excuſe their follie with a lie)
After that ſhe ſome little pauſe had made,
Demurely to her husband thus ſhe ſaid:

Et quanquam videas oculis præſentibus, audet excuſare noſtra.

Well may you wonder how this comes to paſſe,
And thinke (ſweet husband) I haue beene vnkind;
Yet if you ponder how it changed was,
And how the Lambe transformed thus we find,
I doe not doubt but you will iudge me true,
In deed, in word, in thought, in all to you:
For by the Sunne that ſhines before my face,
I know not when the hornes came in this place.
And yet the night before you did depart,
And left me like a widdow heere at home,
A little Lambe, according to your art,
You painted (you remember) on my wombe:
If at that preſent time it was a Lambe,
Although no greater but to ſucke his damme,
Yet ſince a twelue-month you haue tarried hence,
Now it muſt be a ſheepe by conſequence.

Note her argument.

When as her husband heard this fine excuſe,
So wittie, pleaſant, and ſo readie told,
Though he was much aggrieued at th'abuſe,
And well perceiu'd the ſheepe was of his fold:
(Knowing the hornes which fell to his ſhare,
Were marriage-fortune, and good neighbors fare)
He tooke with patience what did him moleſt,
And ſmiling kindly, put it vp in ieſt.

Loe

Loe heere (kinde Cuckolds) preſent to your view
A worthy mirrour of true patience,
A rare example, meet for all the crue,
With whom the horns ſhall haue preheminence:
This is the way to win your reputation,
And make your wiues to leaue their fornication:
Theſe are the meanes a womans feet to ſtay,
Which is diſpoſde to range or goe aſtray.
Bootleſſe it is to breake a womans will,
Or ſeeke to curbe her pleaſures by thy rage;
For if ſhe once be giuen vnto ill,
Brawles, ſtrife, nor anger can her luſt aſſwage:
If riuers haue their courſe, they gently fall;
Stop but their paſſage, then they throw downe all:
So if a woman be reſtrain'd by force,
She grows more head-ſtrong, & by nature worſe. *Irim atque animos a crimine ſumit.*
Take for example what one Cuckold did;
Which when he heard his wife was prone to ſinne,
Shut not the doores vnkindly, but ſtrait bid
More ſhould be made to let her louers in:
That euery perſon, when the dores were many,
Might come and goe away vnſeene of any:
But when his wife did ſee his diſpoſition,
She left her wanton life and lewd condition.
Many, before they marry ſeeme to boaſt
How they will domineere when they are wed;
For they will tie their wiues vnto a poſt,
Before ſhe graft the horne vpon their head;
And they with watch & ward will ſo preuent her,
That no corriuall ſhall haue time to enter:
And maugre fortune, and in ſpite of chance,
After the horne-pipe they will neuer dance.

But let them know, no policies preuaile,
No art, no craft, no force, their fate to ſhun;
Strong braſen walls; *Argus* his eies doe faile
To keep a woman, when ſhe liſt miſ-done:
And if ſhe once doe by his lookes eſpie,
No faith her husband doth in her relie,
Or elſe is iealous, and doth her miſtruſt,
Much more ſhe is incenſed vnto luſt.
In vaine thou ſtandſt within a womans way,
When ſhe is once paſt honeſty and grace:
For though thou watch and ward her night and day,
And haue her preſent ſtill before thy face;
By ſome deuice or other which may fall,
Occaſion ſhe will finde to pay for all:
And (or fit place ſhe to her pleaſures lacke)
She will not ſticke to horne thee at thy backe.
Preuent an euill (doth the Prouerb ſay)
But when an euill comes by deſtiny,
And cannot be auoyded any way,
What profit falls by peruerſe iealouſie?
Nothing but this; that ſtanding ſtill on thornes,
Suſpition bids thee to beware the hornes:
And (ſure) a horned headleſſe griefe doth finde,
Then doth a iealous and a horned minde.
I cannot well commend that ſimple Swaine,
Which for his hatred to the Cuckoes ſong,
(Becauſe the Cuckoe in a merry vaine,
Sometimes did ſing his Appletrees among)
Cut downe the trees, that ſhe might ſit no more
So neere his houſe, as ſhe had done before:
But whether neere or farre the Cuckoe flie,
No Cuckold can auoid his deſtinie.

I.

I maruell much, and cannot know the reaſon,
Why euery fooliſh Peaſant and rude knaue,
When as they heare the Cuckoe in the ſeaſon,
Which in theſe quarters doth her preſence craue,
Send out her notes ſo pleaſant and ſo ſhrill,
That all true Cuckolds they with gladneſſe fill,
Why they ſhould mock, deride, abuſe, & flout hir,
And to the death with ſtones & cudgels clout hir.
In my conceit, of all the fowles that flie,
Moſt pleaſant are her notes, ſurpaſſing all,
Chaunting ſo ſweet the fame of Cuckoldry,
That vnto men they ſeeme Angelicall,
And ſo repleate with ſugred melodie,
As driues kind Cuckolds to an extaſie:
Ah, ſweetly, ſweetly, doth the Cuckoe ſing
The Cuckolds praiſes in the pleaſant Spring.
Familiar is her ſong, ſmooth, eaſie, plaine,
Not harſh, nor hardly wreſted from her throat:
No bird there is knowne ſooner by her ſtraine,
In ſuch regard is growne the Cuckoes note:
Yet is her voice ſo pleaſant to the eare,
It glads the meaneſt creature it doth heare,
For neuer I beheld ſo ſoure a face,
But for to heare her ſong did laugh apace.
Fond wantonizing *Ouid* giue vs place,
Compariſons in all things are not meet;
'Tis not your Nightingale that can diſgrace
The Cuckoes tunes, ſo muſicall, ſo ſweet:
Her warbling notes ſcarce equall halfe the skill
That is compact within a Cuckoes bill:
Packe hence (poore Woodcocke) teach your bird (to ſing,
The lonely Cuckoe is of Birds the King.

Greatly I maruell thou wouldſt be ſo blind,
Being a man of wiſedome, to preſer
That piping bird, ſprung from a pewling kind.
A feminino genere. Before the Cuckolds merry Trumpeter:
Since ſhe complaines of murder, rape, and wrong,
The Cuckolds glorie is the Cuckoes ſong:
Nulla poteſt cuculo æquiparare meo. And when ſhe chaunts it in her pleaſant mood,
Shee makes the ſweeteſt noiſe in all the wood.
And yet (in truth) I cannot much thee blame,
If ignorance did leade thee much awrie;
Thou wouldſt haue writ diuinely in her fame,
If thou hadſt krowne a Cuckolds dignitie:
And highly hadſt thou grac'd thy wanton vaine
In prayſing her, that ſings thy prayſe againe:
This, this had beene a ſubiect for thy pen,
To all thrice welcome that are married men.
But ſince I thinke thou bore no good affection
To honeſt Cuckolds, nor the Cuckoes ſong;
Thy bookes of Loue doe make a plaine detection,
Thy mind was much inclined vnto wrong:
And thou a lewd profeſſed Cuckold-maker,
And therefore wouldſt not be with her partaker:
For ſtill experience euidently ſhews,
That Cuckold-makers are the Cuckoes foes.
Famous ſir *Geffrey Chaucer*, you were wiſe,
And worthily eſteemed an Engliſh Poet,
And like a Scholler you could poetiſe;
Yet once you playd the foole I let you know it:
For in that great aſſembly which you make,
Wherein together birds did counſell take,
You greatly wronged this birds magnificence
In giuing her ſo ſmall preheminence.

Reaſon

Reaſon it was, ſhe ſhould before the reſt,
Haue taken place, and order, in her ſtation;
Both for her voyce, which is in great requeſt,
And alſo for the cuckolds reputation.
But you no cuckold were it may be deemed,
Or cuckolds then were not ſo much eſteemed:
Or (ſure) Sir *Geffery*, you were beetle-blind
In terming baſely ſuch a bird vnkind.
But as for *Skelton* with his Lawrell Crowne,
Whoſe ruffling rimes are emptie quite of marrow:
Or fond *Catullus*, which ſet groſſely downe
The commendation of a ſilly Sparrow:
Becauſe their lines are void of eſtimation,
I paſſe the mouer without confutation.
Much would the cuckoe thinke herſelfe impared,
If ſhe with Philip Sparrow were compared,
Let chirping Philip learne to catch a flie.
And picke vp crums from off his Miſtris finger:
And let the Nightingales ſweet harmonie
Win her the name and title of a ſinger:
Theſe are not all the praiſes we can bring
To praiſe the cuckoe which attends the ſpring.
For well I may alleage in her defence
She is a bird of wonderous patience.
Too much it were to reckon all the wrong,
And euery iniury doth her betide:
No ſooner ſhe begins her louely ſong,
Which Knaues and Minions cannot well abide,
But one or other Woodcocke that doth heare her,
With threats and curſings is at hand to teare her,
That ſure I thinke ſhe could not liue a day,
If ſhe did want the wit to flie away.

One foole derides and mockes her to her face,
(As if her words did not concerne his honour)
Another, being angry, chafes apace,
And with a murren bids a ſhame light on her:
The comes a third will neither curſe nor mock her,
But ſeekes with ſtones & cudgels for to knock her.
Thus liues the Cuckoe, which offendeth no man,
Scorn'd, perſecuted, both of man and woman.
Meane while the harmeleſſe creature (pretty Fowle)
Flies vp and downe content from tree to tree;
Gently with patience ſhe abides controll,
For neuer was ſhe angry I could ſee:
But ſtill with meekeneſſe and great modeſtie
Well ſhe diſgeſts their inciuilitie;
And not a word ſhe giues them vndiſcreetly,
But onely Cuckoe, which ſhe ſings moſt ſweetly.
As in her language if you marke her well,
Thus to the buſie fooles the bird did ſpeake:
Cuckolds (quoth ſhe) whoſe conſcience is your hell,
And thinke on me your malice for to wreake;
You that doe take the Horne in ſuch diſgrace,
Grieuing to haue it grafted on your face,
Content your ſelues, your fortunes are not dainty,
The Cuckoe ſaith, that Cuckolds there are plenty.
Then frolicke, Sirs, this fragrant time of yeare,
Pale iealouſie was neuer void of woe,
Sorrow is more increſt by needleſſe feare,
Heart-fretting care to health was euer foe:
Your States, the Cuckoe tels you, are no worſe
Than many thouſands, which nor brawle nor curſe
Many do beare great bookes, know ſcarce a letter,
Many are learned which are nere the better.

Many

Many are Cuckolds, which ſuppoſe they are not;
Some are No Cuckolds which thinke they are none:
Wiſe be the Cuckolds which both be and care not;
Fond is the man which is not, will be one:
But one or not one, ſtill I am your friend,
You either are, or may be in the end.
I ſing your prayſes to expell your ſorrow,
And thus the Cuckoe bids you all good morrow.

Three degrees of Cuckolds. One and none. One and one. None, and oſie.

Ah ſweet and pleaſant bird, how I admire
Thy vnregarded vertue of thy kind!
How neere thy meete behauiour doth aſpire
Vnto the patience of the Cuckolds mind!
Certes it is a glorious thing to ſee
The Cuckoe thus with Cuckolds to agree,
And well deſerues ſome worthy Poets Pen,
That birds can learne the qualities of men.
Anger the Rauen, he will flye about,
As though his meaning were to ſeize vpon thee;
The Gooſe will gaggle, and the Cocke cry out,
And euery other bird call ſhame vpon thee:
Annoy the Larke, and he will hang the wing,
Trouble the Nightingale, ſhe leaues to ſing;
Onely the Cuckoe, which ſurmounts them all,
She ſtill chaunts Cuckoe, whatſoere befall.
No hurt ſhe meanes to any liuing thing,
And therefore deemes no creature will her harme:
For when her little egges ſhe forth doth bring,
Within anothers neaſt ſhe layes them warme,
Suppoſing that kind bird will loue them deare,
As Cuckolds doe, which no deceit doe feare,
Suffering their wiues to keepe good company,
Thinking that men will vſe them honeſtly.

Inter aues etenim nulla tibi familia.

Neither

Neither doe I eſteeme her as a Sinner,
(Although *Pythagoras* reproue the fault,
Which neuer eate an egge vnto his dinner,
But onely ſed vpon aroote and ſalt)
Becauſe ſhe flyes into anothers neſt,
And ſuckes the egges which there ſhe liketh beſt,
Nor doth ſhe more deſerue and merit blame,
Than honeſt men, which daily eat the ſame.
Rather I deeme her worthy commendation,
(If to the Cuckoe her deſert we giue)
Since ſhe deuoures and ſuckes their procreation,
That eat the corne whereby mankind ſhould liue.
Herein ſhe ſhewes her ſelfe a friend to man,
Seeking his good by all the meanes ſhe can,
Both in applauding them which weare the horne,
And ſucking vp their brood which eat the corne.
Kind gentlewomen, ye which take delight,
A pratling Parrat in your Cage to haue,
Becauſe ſhe prates good morrow and good night,
Or bids a ſawcy fellow walke a kaue.
And ye which keepe a Puppy or a Daw,
To make you laugh by playing with a ſtraw,
Let not theſe toies be thought a womans treaſure,
But keepe the louely Cuckoe for your pleaſure.
Your Iack-daw cannot with her ſiluer bell
Match this ſweet bird, the miſtreſſe of the Spring;
And truſt me truly, ſhe doth farre excell
Your Puppy and your Parrat in each thing.
The Parrat prates as ſhe is taught by rote,
This bird by nature hath a merry note.
And all her ſongs, in lieu of fauours ſhowne,
Shall tell your husbands glory, or your owne.

Thrice

Thrice famous *Dauid Lindſey* of the North,
Thou hadſt great conference with a Popingay
Which erſt did tell thee many things of worth,
As they in print are extant at this day:
Yet greater matters might thy pen haue painted:
If with the Cuckoe thou hadſt beene acquainted:
For deeper myſteries doth ſhe bewray,
Than euer was reueal'd by Popingay.
No bird, nor any creature hath the grace,
(Though they in other qualities excell)
Which can ſo truly to a mans owne face
In good plaine tearmes his proper title tell.
No ſooner ſhe a married man eſpies,
But in her language Cuckoe ſtraight ſhe cries:
Which her a Prophet makes me to ſuppoſe,
Since ſecret faults ſo openly ſhe ſhewes.
If ſhe farre off a company deſcry,
Or by the noyſe their comming vnderſtand,
Cuckoe ſhe doubles moſt melodiouſly,
As if ſhe ſaid, More cuckolds are at hand:
And (though ſhe neuer ſee them) ſhe can tell,
Both what the perſons are, and where they dwell;
Cuckolds they are, if you their names require,
And where they dwell? forſooth in cuckoldſhire.
This is the cauſe, I thinke, that Iealouſie
Repines to heare the cuckoe ſing ſo faire:
For he, conſum'd with fooliſh phreneſie,
With raging madneſſe, griefe, and fretting care,
Kickes like a ſcabbed Iade, when he doth heare
That name repeated which he needs muſt beare,
And with impatience brookes her gracious call,
Which tels him truly what will after fall.

Ano-

Another ſort there are, which cannot well
Abide to heare the Cuckoe for their liues,
But doe deteſt her as a Fiend of Hell:
And theſe are woemen, minions, vnchaſt wiues,
Which are aſhamed for to haue diſplaid,
How thir kind husbãds they haue cuckolds made:
Or they are baſtards, which ſcarce loue to heare
Their mothers faults, and who their fathers were.
But for the Yeomen of the horned crowd,
Me thinkes their ioy and comfort is not ſmall,
To heare the Cuckoe carroll out ſo lowd
The wondrous glory doth their ſtates befall,
And ſo harmoniouſly their praiſes ſing,
That Woods and Foreſts with their ecchoes ring:
Doubteleſſe a Cuckold is a gallant name,
When birds chant Hymnes in honor of the ſame.
And ſuch in ancient times hath beene the praiſe,
And eſtimation of this worthy State,
(Though much it be diſgraced in theſe dayes,
And ſore abuſed of each ſcoffing mate)
That Kings & Emperours haue thought no ſcorn,
For arms to beare the beaſt which weare the horn,
And crowns & ſcepters, throns & great dominiõs.
Are not more rich than hornes in ſomes opinions.
Let famous Greece be witneſſe of this thing,
Where horned heads were wont to beare ſuch ſway,
That ſeldome any came to be their King,
But ſtill he prou'd a Cuckold, as ſome ſay.
This *Menelaus* well could verefie,
Whoſe hornes procur'd Troyes endleſſe miſerie:
Yet not from them aroſe that mortall ſtrife,
But that he could not haue againe his wife.

*The horns were not the cauſe.

He

He could haue beene content with all his heart
To haue beene Cuckold, and haue bleſt his fortune,
If they his wife had ſuffered to depart,
Whom he to haue againe did much importune:
But when he ſaw faire meanes could not obtaine
It was concluded, he by force ſhuld gain her; (her,
To make it knowne, that ſhe was his by right,
And ſhew himſelfe a Cuckold of great might.
And not alone was he a Cuckold deemed;
But *Agamemnon*, which was eke his brother,
And in the warres as chiefe commaunder ſeemed,
Had happy fortune to be made another.
Nor could *Vlyſes* quite himſelfe exile
From out this company by any wile:
For though *Penelope* was loth to marry,
So long without a friend ſhe could not tarry.
Suruey the Hiſtories of elder dayes;
Peruſe the Chronicles of euery Nation;
And thou ſhalt find that men of greateſt praiſe,
Wealth, riches, honor, fame, and eſtimation,
Moſt valiant, hardy, learned, graue, and wiſe,
Grieu'd not to be addreſt in Cuckolds guiſe.
And thus hath Fortune often thought it beſt,
To make kind-hearted Cuckolds perfect teſt.
None euer liu'd and haue had better chance,
Or beene inhanced vnto higher ſtate:
None of more valour, might or cheuiſance,
Or in the warres haue beene more fortunate,
Or greater glory and renowne haue woone,
Then hath the Cuckold, and the Cuckolds ſonne;
As from theſe two great monarchs we may gather
Great *Alexander*, and his worthy Father.

Eunius doth ſay, that all her Woers lay with her, and thereupon *Pan* was begotten.

I will not here inciſt my lines to cumber,
Let it ſuffice that I haue named two.
He which aſſaies by neme to take the number
Of ancient Cuckolds ſhall haue much to doe.
If he can tell the ſands vpon the ſhore,
Then he may count the Cuckolds all of yore.
This is enough to free the name from ſcorne:
Kings haue not been aſham'd to weare the horne.
But what ſhould I dilate of earthly Kings,
Of worldly Monarches, and of mortall men?
Since *Ioues* owne wife, (as *Ouid* ſweetly ſings,
And other pleaſant Poets erſt did open.)
Iuno the glorious Empreſſe of the skies,
Queene of the aire, where winds doe tyranniſe,
Was through her husbands vſuall ribaldry,
Made Lady regent vnto Cuckoldry.
Nor had ſhe onely ſuch propitious lucke,
(Though ſhe in Heauen chiefe cuckqueane was repu-
Vulcan her ſoone was headed like a Bucke, (ted)
And by the luſty God of Warre comuted.
And *Ioue* himſelf (though ſome the truth do ſhroud
Faining *Ixion* did imbrace a cloud)
Was in this common lot a great partaker,
And both a Cuckold, and a Cuckold-maker.
If then no other matter did commend,
Or paint the glory of a Cuckold forth;
This were enough (me thinks) that I haue pend,
To grace his title, and approue his worth.
That *Ioue*, his wife and ſiſter, and their ſonne,
Were ſubiect to that chance which none can ſhun.
And yet a cuckolds dignitie is ſuch,
That in his praiſe I cannot ſpeake too much.

Greatly

Greatly I muſe, and no occaſion find,
Why men ſhould mocke a cuckold with the horne;
And ſcoffing Peaſants (as they come behind)
Should with two fingers point at him in ſcorne;
Since he hath often times as good a face,
As he that ſeekes his blemiſh and diſgrace.
And in his forehead (thogh you marke him neare)
Seldome or neuer doe the hornes appeare.
If one but ſtumbles as he goes along,
Or chance to ſtrike his foote againſt a ſtone:
Tis with the vulgar ſort a common ſong;
Some cuckold there was buried long agone,
Whoſe horns vpſtarting ſtrongly in this place
Well neare had caſt the fellow on his face.
Surely I wonder where theſe hornes ſhould be,
Which each one talkes of, yet could neuer ſee.
But let vs grant, what addle heads ſuppoſe;
That hornes are grafted on a cuckolds brow:
Small hurt thereby vnto a cuckold growes,
Nor is he therefore like an oxe or cow,
Or to be thought a monſter vnto nature,
Or a miſhapen and deformed creature;
But in all points a comely handſome man,
And not vnlike vnto the great God, *Pan*.
Pan was a mighty *Sylvan* God of yore,
And (by tranſlation) *Pan* doth all containe:
Yet on his head a paire of hornes he wore;
Which ſhewes that hornes to all alike remaine.
Why then ſhould hornes a cuckold ſo diſgrace,
Since that a God hath borne them on his face?
Certes I bleſſe his fortune with my heart,
Which is alike the Gods in any part.

The

The ſiluer Moone,faire Cynthia of the night,
The great'ſt and ſwifteſt Planet in the ske,
Which did in marriage neuer take delight,
But as a maide kept her virginitie,
(And therefore cannot well be Cuckold deemed)
Of ſuch great value hath the hornes eſteemed,
That ſtil ſhe weares them,not accounted ſtrange,
Three or foure dayes before and after change.
In great account our Elders heretofore
Did hold the hornes,when as they went to fight,
The ſound whereof their ſtrength encreaſed more,
And with freſh courage did ſupply their might.
And when in hunting they purſu'd their game,
The tooke great pleaſure for to vſe the ſame:
It cheares the dogges,it makes them come & goe;
'Tis much in hunting, well a Horne to blow.
And ſuch a neceſſary Inſtrument
It is for hunting either Hare or Conie,
That not a Huntſman wants their implement,
Nor would be void of it for any monie.
And ſo much credit now attends it daily,
That euery common Crier,Pette Baily,
Swine-heards and braue Sow-gelders in a pride
Doe beare a horne low dangling by their ſide.
Matters of chiefe importance are in haſt,
And for more ſpeed diſpatched by the horne:
Great light a Lanthorne,made of horne,doth caſt,
Which with a candle in darke night is borne.
When little children firſt are brought to ſchoole,
A Horne booke is a neceſſary toole:
Nor can a Shoomaker well lacke this ginne,
A ſhooing-horne exceeds the Squirrels skinne.

What

What ſhould I tell the vertues of the horne,
VVhich are incredible to muddy braines?
Groſſe ignorance will laugh the truth to ſcorne,
Becauſe beyond his compaſſe it containes:
But let him know, ſome horns haue ſuch refectiõ,
They can expell each poyſon and infection;
And that the ſhauings of a Hornes ſtall,
Good to preſerue are Artichokes withall.
But of all hornes that euer I haue heard,
None is more famous then the *Horne of Plentie*,
VVhich had ſo great abundance ſtill prepar'd,
Take while men would, yet it was neuer emptie:
VVhich (not vnfitly) we may well compare
Vnto the hornes befall a Cuckolds ſhare: (ſure,
For theſe are cheſts, that hold great ſtore of trea-
Though theſe men liue at eaſe, and ſpend at pleaſure.
Such profit and commodities ariſe,
And ſo great gaine redounderh from the horne,
Vnto the Cuckold, which will blinde his eyes,
And can with patience well endure the ſcorne,
That many haue a better liuing made,
Then by the traffike of their honeſt trade:
And ſom haue foũd ſuch gettings by theſe means,
That they haue forc'd their wiues to play the queans.
Many that ſeeme ſubſtantiall men in towne,
Reap through the horn an hundred pounds by yeare,
And many which are ſcarcely worth a crovvne,
Thus keepe themſelues with pride and lordly cheare:
And many which in priſon haue beene layd,
In taking of the horne their debts haue payd,
That ſure I thinke, though other horns be daintie,
A Cuckolds horne, it is the *Horne of Plentie*.

And yet not onely doth the horne befriend,
And yeeld the Cuckold that which is his due,
But wondrous profit often doth it send
Vnto his wife, although she be vntrue.
By this she earnes great store of golden crowns,
To buy her velvet kirtles, silken gownes:
This makes her braue, this makes her fine & nice;
A Cuckolds horne, it is a horne of price.
Nay more then this, which some wil think a wonder,
The Cuckolds horne maintains the Cuckold-maker:
For need the Law will neuer be kept vnder,
The Vine must fall, if that the Elme forsake her:
Some women in another field suppose,
That deeper grasse and better pasture growes:
Wantons are wilfull, & before they'l lacke (crack.
Their pleasures, they will make their purse strings
Scarce will you thinke a swaggering Caualiere,
Which hath his garters brauely fring'd with gold,
Swimmes in his silks, and surfets with good cheare,
And liues as pleasantly as can be told:
Onely by Cuckold-making this should liue,
And get no more but what kind wenches giue;
Yet many gallants I haue heard report
Are now maintained after such a sort.
What should I further amplifie this matter?
Since euery honest man which weares the horne,
Can tell for truth I neither mocke nor flatter,
Though fooles may deeme I write these things in (scorne:
But what they say I haue in no regard,
Nor doe I passe the censure of a knaue:
Vnto the touchstone of a Cuckolds wit,
The truth for triall euer I commit.

Fertilior seges est alienus semper in arvis.

For

For (certs) I know they are a generation
Of wise, discreet, sage, honest, sober men;
Their name it is a name of estimation,
Deseruing worthily a golden pen:
But for the horne which fortune them hath sent
(Since it would proone so fine an ornament)
Well could I wish, that to their greater grace,
Each Cuckold had two hornes vpon his face.
And yet (graue Patrons) let me heere intreate
You would not seeme my meaning to mistake,
For I protest, my loue to you is great,
Deuoted to you all for one mans sake;
And therefore thinke not that I vse this speech,
Your names, estate, or credit to impeach:
Or by this wish desire your heads to harme,
For hornes wil keep your heads in winter warme.
But thus the world might know what men you are,
Which be the sonnes of Fortune and of Fame:
And thus the better sort might haue a care
To giue your state what doth belong the same:
Thus might the name to which you haue aspired,
Be both applauded, honoured, and admired:
And men would wonder at the strange euent,
To see kinde Cuckolds weare this implement.
Thus euery gentle heart and patient minde,
Which haue the horne, and willingly do weare them,
Might be perceiued from the Kestrell kinde
Of frowy and iealous fools which grudge to beare the:
Thus honest Cuckolds might sequestred bee,
From scoffing Peasants of a base degree:
Thus might your glorie be the more increased,
And you wel hooded, & your wiues wel pleased.

For (ſooth to ſay) needes muſt it pleaſe your wiues,
To ſee faire hornes vpon your forehead grow,
Sure that the whole demeanor of their liues,
That they deſire the ſame, doth clearely ſhow,
And if they did not wiſh you ſuch a head,
They would not ſo defile their marriage bed:
But vſuall practiſe makes plaine declaration,
They both deſire and ſeeke this transformation.
If then ſuch profit hereby might ariſe,
Both to your glorie and your wiues content:
Seeme not ſo great a bleſſing to deſpiſe,
Nor ſcorne the wiſhes of my good intent:
For 'tis not ſuch a blemiſh and diſgrace
To haue faire hornes to grow vpon your face,
Neither a wonder to behold this change,
Thogh gaſing fools at firſt might think it ſtrange.
For many famous men of older dayes,
(As writers doe record, and ſtories mention)
To their great honour and eternall prayſe,
Without reproch, ſcoffes, mocks, or reprehenſion,
Haue had the fore-part of their comely head,
With two faire hornes full ſeemely furniſhed.
This may you well perceiue by horned *Pan*,
Which was a mighty god in ſhape of man.
I will not heere vpon examples ſtand,
To cloy your minds with wonders, tales, and lies:
Onely for proofe of what I tooke in hand
Theſe few (to paſſe the reſt) ſhall now ſuffice
Cippus, the valiant Roman, who tooke ſcorne
To be a King, (though choſen by the horne)
Did by his hornes become ſo much renowned,
That they on poſts were painted, and he crowned.

When

When luſtie *Ioue* was once a wanton louer,
And woo'd *Europa*, King *Agenors* daughter,
That he in ſecret might his loue diſcouer,
(Although he knew ſome fools would make a laugh- *Cornua parua quidem.*
To ſee the ſame) yet on his head he bare, (ter
Of faire bright ſhining hornes a comely paire:
And therefore *Onids* booke (of leaſings full) *Puraque magis perlucida gemma.*
Doth faine that *Ioue* was turned to a Bull.
On ſtrange and forren prooſes what ſhould I ſtay?
Or tell of antique matters long agone?
The time would faile me if I ſhould aſſay,
To number all the perſons one by one:
Which to their glorie and their hearts content,
Haue on their foreheads worne this implement:
Our preſent time for truth can teſtifie,
It is no monſter, wonder, nor a lie.
For in the North is ſituate a towne,
Bounding vpon the riuer named Aire,
Which for the trade of clothing is well knowne,
And for ſtrong nappie Ale hath great repaire:
VVhereas an honeſt man did lately dwell,
(A patient Cuckold, as Report doth tell)
VVhich had a horne faſt growing by his eye,
To ſhew that hornes belong to Cuckoldrie.
Loe heere (cornuted Seigniors) heere you ſee,
It is no wonder for to weare a horne,
No ſhame or blemiſh vnto your degree,
No ſtaine, diſgrace, reproach, contempt, or ſcorne:
But famous, full of glorie and renowne,
As ancient Writers haue ſet truly downe:
'Tis but conceit, that hornes will looke ſo grimly,
Doe but beleeue, and they will fit you trimly.

And,in my iudgement, if you had them growing,
That each one might diſcerne them with his eye;
Fools would not vſe their mocks and apiſh mowing,
Nor knaues ſo much deride your grauitie:
For they perceiuing how the horns would grace
The ſuperficies of your honeſt face;
Point with their fingers, as if that their taunting
Did ſhew,that ſomthing frō your heads were wā-
VVhereas if hornes were preſent to their ſight, (ting.
What ſhold they with their fingers need to ſhew it?
Since by this meanes a purblind fellow might
Perceiue your worth,& by the horns might know it:
And then would ſcoffing Peaſants ceaſe to prate,
Becauſe that others plainely ſee your ſtate:
Then ſawcy fellows which their neighbors flout,
Wold ceaſe to mock,their own horns peeping out.
Thus ſhould your name be had in wondrous feare,
And not a man,from the greateſt to the leaſt,
Should dare to mocke a Cuckold for his eare,
Nor once againſt the hornes to breake a ieaſt:
Nor ſeeme anothers fortune to deride,
For feare the ſame good lucke might him betide:
And thus I hope your heads haue vnderſtood,
What fruit would bloſſom, if your horns did bud.
But let vs put the caſe,as ſome ſuppoſe,
That fleering fools for this might more deride you;
Nought by their miſdemeanour doe you loſe,
Neither (ywis) doth greater ſhame betide you.
Hereby your merit is the more augmented,
If you with patience hold your ſelues contented;
Then ſcorn that childiſh ſcoffes ſhould make you
The more ye ſuffer,more wilbe your glory.(ſcorne,

Neuer

Neuer caſt downe your heads, nor be aſhamed,
Though graceleſſe wits vnkindly you entreat;
Your bleſſed fortune cannot be defamed,
Nor prating ſlanderous tongues your prayſe defeat:
For though your worth and credit in the ſight
Of ſcoffing perſons be accounted light,
Yet in the iudgement of the wiſer ſort,
A Cuckold is a name of good report.
And in defence of all the Patient traine *Paſquils chalenge.*
Here I, as Challenger, doe ready ſtand,
Iuſtly to proue, vphold, and to maintaine
Againſt the proudeſt Champion in this land,
That no Promotion, Calling, or Degree
Can be free from the ſtate of Cuckoldry;
And that the Hornepipe is as ſweet a fit
As euer Fidler playd vpon his * Kit. * A kind of Inſtrument
What Countrey in this Vniuerſe is known,
Which can affirme from Cuckolds it is free?
What Kingdome, Prouince, Borough, Citie, Towne,
In all the world exempted doe we ſee?
Which hath not more or leſſe (as Fortune pleaſed)
The number of kind Cuckolds ſtill encreaſed,
Or could not yeeld at one time or another
A horned Father or a horned Mother.
Greatly this title through the world is carried,
And ſo encreaſeth, as we heare by fame,
That if it mought it would be to the married,
As *Homo* is to men a common name.
And this we ſee apparant at this day,
For as a ſtranger trauailes by the way,
If any married perſons dog doth ſturre,
Straight one or other calls him Cuckolds curre.

Truely I doe not much mislike these words,
Because he is, or else may be hereafter,
Although I would not haue them with their boords
Miscall the Cuckolds dog, to make a laughter:
Nor would I wish a Cuckold goe to law
For such an idle iest not worth a straw;
Neither for this disgrace to brawle or curse,
His state is better, and his dog no worse.
Much is his state the better, as we may
Perceiue by that which is already said,
And it with patience he can beare away
The Apish mockes, which sometimes will be made:
Besides his glory (which before I quoted)
A valiant-minded man he shall be noted.
* Stronger he is that holds his fury downe,
Than he which winnes a Fort, or walled Towne.
Great is a Cuckolds honour and his fame,
And wondrous is the glory of his fate,
Which makes some persons so desire the name,
And with such greedinesse the horne await,
That for because none other will aread
To make them cuckolds, and to arme their head,
They are content, when time and place importune,
To be the caruers of their owne good fortune.
Thus *Cephalus* in Athens vnperceiu'd,
Like to a Merchant clad, his wife did trie:
And thus another man his wife deceiu'd,
Which did belong to *Loues kind Familie*.
Thus on their owne heads some haue graft the horne,
For very loue they haue to cuckolds borne;
Which makes me thinke, because of others wish,
That cuckoes egges are sure a dainty dish.

* *Fortior est qui se, quàm qui fortissima vincit mania.*

Of

Of all the men that euer I haue knowne,
A Cuckold doth for kindneſſe beare the bell,
Which for his proper vſe keepes not his owne,
But gieues in common to his friends as well:
And ſo to courteſie he is allyed,
What ere you aske ſhall hardly be denyed:
That if his wife would any way befriend you,
He will not ſticke his very wife to lend you.
But to his wife the world doth not containe
A kinder man, replete with all ciuilitie:
Doe what ſhe will, he murmures not in vaine,
But giues her ſcope with all facilitie:
Nor (though ſhe graft the horne) doth he cõplaine,
Since he can doe as much for her againe.
If I by nature had beene borne a woman,
A Cuckold I would haue, or marry no man.
In vaine it is, and needleſſe for to ſpend
My worthleſſe prayſes on a Cuckolds name:
Words I ſhould ſooner want, them to commend,
Than make a Perio[d] fully to their fame:
Or yeld them all the honour which is due,
And doth of right 'long to the horned crue;
Onely a glimpſe I giue vnto their glory,
Not able t'reach the height of ſuch a ſtory.
For how ſhould I a Cuckolds prayſe enchaine
Within the compaſſe of my ſhallow quill,
Which all the ſpacious world doth ſcarce containe,
Such ſtore of Cuckolds euery corner fill:
And ſuch a wondrous troupe the hornpipe treads,
One cannot paſſe another for their heads,
That ſhortly we ſhall haue (as *Skelton* iefts),
A greater ſort of horned men than beaſts)

If

If all the Cuckolds in the world were preſt,
And ranged for the field in battaile-ray,
So great an Army there would be addreſt,
As neuer was the like ſeene to this day:
For ſuch a number would encamped lie,
That *Xerxes* Hoaſt, which drank huge riuers drie;
Nor all the Armies which haue beene prepared,
Might with this band of Cuckolds be compared.
Caſt vp the number of the birds that flie,
Reckon the ſands which are vpon the ſhore,
Or tell the golden ſtarres which haue the skie,
Then maiſt thou count the Cuckolds all of yore:
For millions of men that haue beene married,
Haue vnto Cornwell without boat beene carried;
And ſuch a crowd are of that reputation,
They neuer can be put in numeration.
But though a Cuckold were a word of ſhame,
And ſlander and diſgrace did ſtill attend it,
(As all men know, it is a famous name,
And many married perſons ſhould defend it)
Yet let no Cuckold take it to the heart,
Since both his friends and neighbours beare apart:
It is great comfort to a Cuckolds chance,
That many thouſands doe the horne-pipe dance.
Then to conclude (my friends of Cuckold-ſhire)
Grieue not to beare the horne vpon your creſt;
Let not the ſonne be prowder than his Sire,
Your name is famous, and your fortune bleſt,
Your life is void of ſorrow and of care,
Your greateſt croſſes are but neighbours fare;
Spit in the face of Enuy and of Scorne,
There is no credit like the Cuckolds Horne.

Let

LEt none ſuppoſe I weare the Horne,
Becauſe the famous Horne I praiſe;
Or that I am a Cuckold ſworne,
Becauſe his worth I ſeeke to raiſe:
No, no (poore fooles) in truth you are deceiued,
Into that order I was nere receiued.
All are not rich that talke of gold,
Nor Merchants, which the Burſe doe walke,
Not all Diuines, which Pulpits hold,
Nor ſtrong, which doe of *Sampſon* talke:
Nor doe my words ſo ſure my ſtate proclaime
To be a Cuckold, though I praiſe the name.
And yet by *Vulcans* head I ſweare,
Let fleering Apes their pleaſure ſay,
If I the richeſt Cuckold were
That is in England at this day,
I know not how the horns might wel content me,
But of his Liuing I ſhould ſcarce repent me.

Non liber iudicium eſt animi, ſed honeſta voluntas
Plurima mulcendis auribus apta refert.
Accius eſſet atrox: Comicus Terentius eſſet:
Eſſent pugnaces qui fera bella canunt:
Crede mihi. Diſtat Caſus à carmine noſtro,
Vita verecunda eſt, Muſa iocoſa mea eſt.
Ouid.

Quamobrem licet irrideat, ſi quis vult;
Plus apud me tamen vera ratio valebit,
quam vulgi opinio. Cicero.

FINIS.